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A TARGET EXCURSION.

[REPORTED BY OUR FRENCH CONTRIBUTOR.]

MONSIEUR THE EDITOR,—I go to recount to you, according to my promise, of the great target excursion which I have witness in the Broadway and down on Sepoy Island, last Thursday. I have behold, in my country, very fine movements military. Have I not witness fifty, sixty, seventy thousand of our braves evolutionising on the Champ de Mars, with his Majesty Imperial and the lovely, lovely Eugenie on the end of them? Am I not myself *caporal* in the Garde Nationale, Third Division, Sixteenth Regiment, Second Batallion? I am soldier, Monsieur, and I know the duties of a military.

Therefore, when my friend the sergeant Stubbs pray me to assist at the evolutionments of the Spread Eagle Guard, I respond on the field, with my hand on my heart—"Behold me ready, Sergeant!"

The heavens were propitious. It was magnificent time when the Spread Eagles assemble themselves together at the cafe before plunging into the martial arena, and suffer themselves to be refresh with some delightful cobblaires. I myself let myself go to the charms of a cobblaire, even two. Then we march.

In front promenade the divine band of your Dodworth, with a most grand man in front, six and a half foot at least, and a leg of much force. He wave his leg, and he wave his arms until, *mon Dieu!* I was much afraid they should come off; but they never do. The band played Yankee Doodle, and *La Marseillaise*, and Hail Columbia, and *Guerre aux Tyrans*, and the small boys they was touch by the music, and they cry, "Go it, Mose!" which, I suppose, is Yankee for *encore*. After the band follow a young brave with banner—"Stars and Stripes" of course—and I see by the physiognomy of my comrade that he would die for that banner if any body would insult her. But nobody dare. Then follow the invited guests with the prizes—myself with some jewelry, and Monsieur Dunup with an *epergne*, and other friends with card cases, and cake baskets, and garlands of flowers, and plated spoons, and gold watches, and lottery tickets, and gold pieces of money, and bonbons, and all sorts of prizes.

Last of all march—ah! how proudly!—the braves, with the captain at their head. He is fat—much fat—the captain; his heart is fat, *gros;* he's name is Bluff, and when he is not a military, he is a manufacturer of those useful and delightful articles which you call sausages. He say to me, "Frenchy, my boy, let me see an Englishman look that flag in the face and I make sausage-meat of him." And I see in his eye that he would; but the Englishmen didn't look at his flag. Never: no, not one. *Pardieu!* At least he didn't catch any of them at it. The men of the Spread Eagle Guard were *vieux de la vieille.* They said—*morbleu!*—they had never run from an enemy. And indeed you shall not find in all history the record of any such fact. As we march down your Broadway an insolent omnibus block us the way. The moment was critical. Behold the face of the Captain Bluff growing red, and the sabre of him flashing in the sunshine. I reconnoitre discreetly. I behold a movement in the *corps d'armée.* A natural but profane expression rises to the lips of the noble young standard-bearer, and two of the Guard, with the ardor of youth, prepare to immolate the charioteer, the stage, and the horses. I throw myself, like a true son of France, into the breach. I cry:

"Wherefore, my friends, these angry menaces? From the City Hall, Mayor Timan and his Aldermen contemplate you incessantly. Shall you now—"

At this moment the insolent driver of the omnibus let loose an oath. Captain Bluff he shout: "Forward!" I perceive that blood must flow. The driver brandish his whip. I clench my teeth, and whisper thy sweet name, Therèse: when, I know not how, the stage pass on, and we promenade as before. No doubt, thanks to the clemency of our valiant braves, this worthless life of the miserable coachman was spare.

The Captain Bluff mustered his men, and finding none kill, wound, or missing, march on with the calmness of a true military. We stop at a cafe, and permit ourselves to be refresh with some cobblaires, then embark on board the boat for Sepoy Island, firmly resolve to sell our lives dearly if the atrocious insularies should attack us as they have attack and massacre so many other brave regiments. The gracious Providence protected us; we perform the perilous voyage in safety.

Presently behold us on the field martial—a plain rugged, where so many of your braves have first seen the fire, and which, I am certify, has been the scene of most noble exploits of a military character. We deploy, and the Captain Bluff, in a stern voice, orders:

"Stand at Ease! Make Ready! Lunch!"

Behold our baskets, which I, in my military enthusiasm, had hardly noticed, opened, and hams, and sandwiches, and sausages, and bottles of beer and whisky distribute among our heroes. With the moderation of my race, I just coquet with a lovely cobblaire; the braves eat and drink with true martial appetite; who knows when or where a soldier may get his next meal? This during, Lieutenant Triggaire sets up his target at a long distance, and reports to his captain that all is ready for action. At this the ladies, who had been so complaisant as to give us the charms of their company, scream, and would not console themselves until each shall have a glass (or two) (or three) of Champagne or a very small cobblaire.

Then the captain seize a gun and fire at the target. He miss. The lieutenant fire; he miss too. All fire in turn; nobody hits. At last the private Knobs puts a ball into the wood, and there is a terrible great cry, and private Knobs is a hero. I rush to him to embrace him, but the badly-brought-up fellow will not suffer me, crying, "Paws off, Frenchy!" I despise his insolence, and offer to shoot myself.

"You shoot yourself!" roars Sergeant Stubbs, laughing.

"Make me the pleasure of lending me a gun," say I, wishing to be polite, as all my countrymen are.

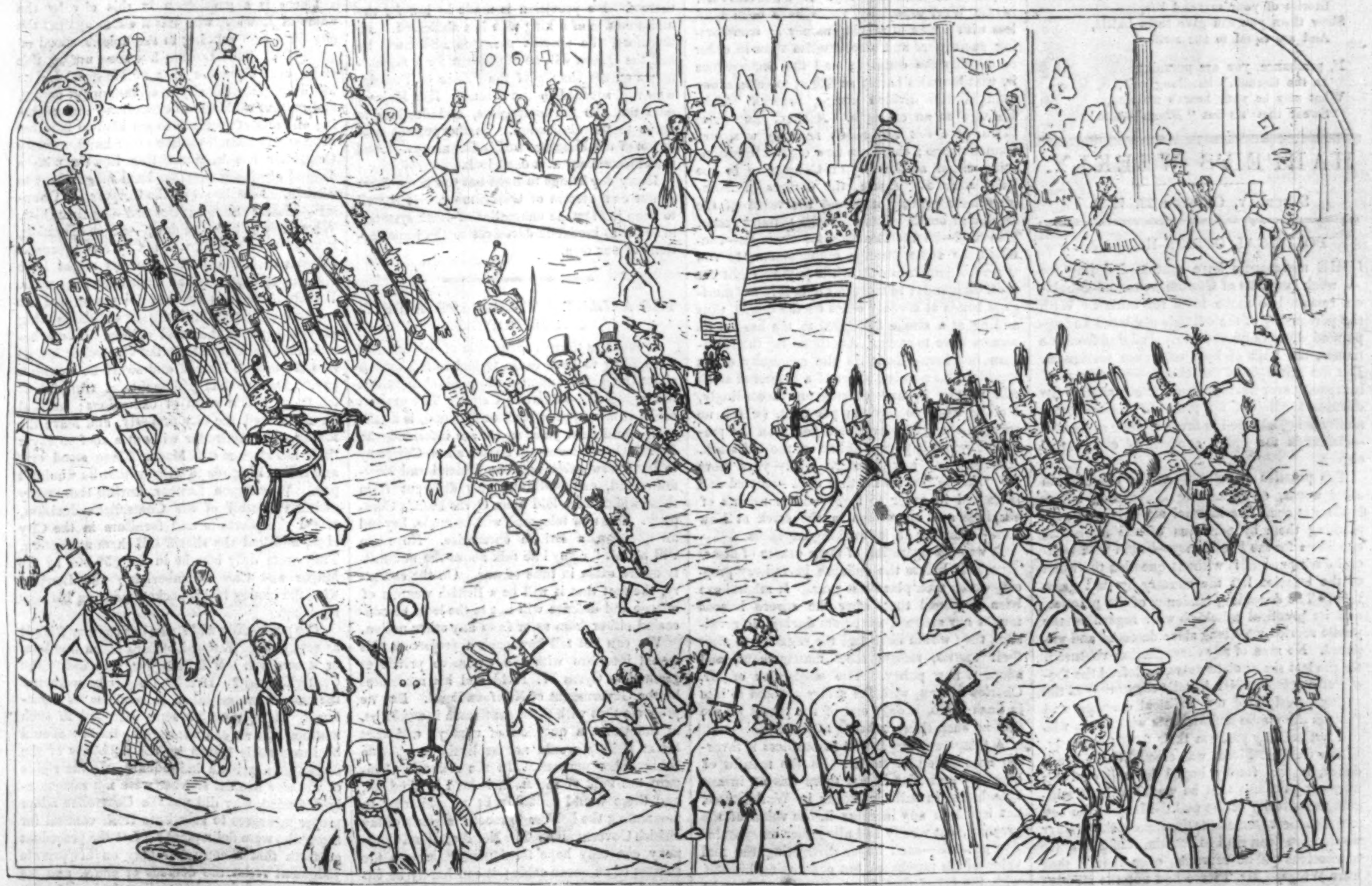
Triggaire hand me a gun, and I vise the target. It was a very long way off—four or five mile, it seem to me—and the stupid gun was not like our Paris guns; it wouldn't fire straight. So when I fired I shall not hit the target; but my ball would go through the body of a stupid pig which was indiscreetly wandering through a field.

"Well done, Frenchy!" says some brave; "he's drawn blood!"

"Blood!" I cry myself; "I will fight myself with thee with a sword on this field!" for I was not to be pleasanted with impunity, being a military myself, and of race military.

But the lieutenant assure me that no insult was meant; that it was the custom of you Americans to pleasant each other; and the brave and I take cobblaire together and embrace.

The firing had go on all the afternoon—it should be nothing but piff, paff, puff! for many hours—and a great many balls were planted in the target. Several times in the course of the day we might be alarmed by rumors of attacks from the Sepoys, and our brave captain have drew us up in order of battle (ah! I thought of thee, my Therèse, on these thrilling moments!); but the cowardly poltroons never made their appearance. I enrage



A TARGET EXCURSION IN BROADWAY.

that the poltroonery of the miserable insularies prevent our putting ourselves to the proof.

At last we revolve ourselves homeward. Every one had won a prize except the drummer. All the bottles were empty and the sandwiches were gone. It was impossible to confectionate the least cobblaire. So the captain he command "Right shoulder backward!" and we march. Our perils were not over though. On our way to the boat we were attacked in flank by Mrs. O'Flaherty, a lady of the noble Irish race, who cried aloud that we had slain her pig, and that we were monsters; but when I, on the suggestion of our captain, gave her two dollars, she prayed Heaven to preserve our lives; and swore that we were true braves. Yet I now am assure that the pig which died from the fault of my gun belonged to another person, who is going to make a process against the company for damages and interests.

Altogether, Monsieur the Editor, it was a most delightful day's pleasure; and I shall be very happy to go on another target excursion when I have an opportunity.

THE SONG OF THE BELLE.

A PARODY.

What the Belle said to the Men.

Tell me not, you horrid grumblers,
Women know not what they mean!
That their souls are steeped in slumbers,
Or incased in crinoline!

Life is real, life is earnest—
To get married is our goal—
"Maid thou art—a maid remainest"
Never shall of me be told.

What the Belle said to herself.

But the chase is long, and time is fleeting—
Our mammas, so strong and brave,
Often follow a retreating
Man with one leg in the grave.

How those rich young men are cherished,
Who are looking for a wife;
And the "dows" who've dropp'd and perished
Mark the fierceness of the strife.

What the Belle said to the Women.

Talk to no man, howe'er pleasant,
Who is not prepared to wed;
Choose one who can make you presents—
Who is willing to be bled.

Lives of all fast men remind us
We can have a jolly time;
And, departing, leave behind us
Bills for what we bought "on time."

Bills for dry goods that some other,
Knowing that we can't refrain—
Some good-natured friend or brother—
Paying, we'll contract again.

If, perchance, you have to borrow
Of your friends, in any way,
Learn to put off till to-morrow
Him you promised for to-day.

If the world should of you tattle
Stories of your married life,
Show them you can give them battle,
And are equal to the strife.

If, perchance, you are pursuing
In the German's headlong gait,
What *may* be your heart's undoing,
Swear that 'tis but "*Kismet*"—fate!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, October 23, 1858.

POLITICAL OFFICE-HOLDERS.

THE newspapers have contained during the week long lists of Custom-house office-holders removed to make room for others. With the personality of the officials displaced and appointed we have no concern. Judging from the names, the bulk of both sets were foreigners. But the principle of the change—no charge of incapacity ever having been brought against the dismissed officials, no proof of extraordinary ability being adduced in favor of their successors—demands the grave concern of every loyal citizen.

The practice of rotating public officials—in other words, of dismissing all existing office-holders at each Presidential election and supplanting them by partisans of the successful candidate for the Presidency—began with General Jackson, and is without question the worst of the legacies left the country by that great man. The degrading tendency of the practice, and its practical mischiefs with regard to the public service, were long since detected and exposed. No man of any character has ventured, for the last six or eight years, to defend the theory of a system which installs corruption as the ruling principle of our political contests, and peoples the public departments with clerks who can not possibly perform their duties correctly. When General Pierce was elected to the Presidency, it was fondly hoped by many of his warmest partisans that he would at least mitigate the severity of the evil. Many of the best and stanchest Democrats throughout the country would have been glad to see him retain in office meritorious public servants, even though they were Whigs. Mr. Pierce had not the stamina to attempt the innovation. Though he had been elected by so immense a majority that he could safely have afforded to establish a precedent at the cost of the fealty of needy Democrats, he had not the nerve to do so. Mr. Buchanan has had no such chance. He was elected by a bare majority; one can hardly expect him to disappoint partisans without whose aid he would probably have been defeated. Presidents are but men, after all.

But how long is this universally condemned practice to last? With what face can we presume to censure the admitted errors of the monarchical system, if we maintain among ourselves a fallacy far more fatal to political integrity and sound public administration than any which prevails in the kingly countries of Europe? This is the time to reflect on the point. Men are preparing every where for the great contest of 1860. It will be in the power of the President chosen in that year to reverse the practice, put an end to the evil, and inaugurate a new era of common sense and honesty. Is there character enough among leading politicians to press such a view on candidates?

RAILROAD POLICY IN THE UNITED STATES.

Since our last number appeared Mr. Charles Moran, of this city, has been re-elected President of the New York and Erie Railroad at the unusual salary of five-and-twenty thousand dollars. At the time Mr. Moran was first chosen to fill the post he was covered with the prestige of a very remarkable negotiation; he had "placed" four millions of Erie bonds, at a heavy discount, it is true, but at a time and under conditions which appeared altogether fatal to the negotiation. It was not unnatural, considering the circumstances of the Erie, and the need they had of a great negotiator, that Mr. Charles Moran should have been chosen President. His re-election can not be explained on similar grounds. As a negotiator, Mr. President Moran has utterly failed to sell the bonds on which the solvency of the Company depended; as an administrator, his management of his Company has been chiefly marked by obstinate and ruinous contests with rival companies, yet Mr. Moran has been unanimously re-elected to the office of President.

The event would not deserve notice at the hands of the public journalist but for the light it sheds on our railway policy generally. It is generally considered that eleven hundred millions of money are represented by the aggregate stock and bonds of the railways of the United States. Of this very large sum of money a portion is now seen to be well invested. Generally speaking, the first mortgage bonds of our railway companies are safe. Stock in a few roads, as the New Jersey Central, the New Haven and Hartford, and a few other companies here and there, pays a regular and a handsome dividend. The balance is either irretrievably lost or placed in great jeopardy. As a general rule, in the West especially, roads have been built less with a view of making money by transporting passengers and merchandise than in order to develop the country; and the consequence is, that business barely sufficient to sustain one road is now divided among several. Take Chicago as an example. A short time since there were but two roads running westward from Chicago; there are now eight, all terminating either at the city of Chicago or in the neighborhood. Again, the devices of financiers have gravely impaired the value of the stock and bonds of most of the popular roads. One road—as the Reading, for example—contrives, by some strange management, to run three millions into debt while paying eight per cent. dividends; to meet this debt it issues mortgage bonds at seventy cents on the dollar, thus adding at a stroke $900,000 to the burden its owners have to carry. Another—say the Michigan Southern—finds, in the extremity of its trouble, that nothing short of a preferred stock will relieve it, and creates one accordingly, binding itself to pay ten per cent. (which no road in the world ever has paid) on the preferred before it pays a dollar on the old stock. Another—say any Western road—pays more for "shaves" on its floating debt—created and increased in order to favor untrue reports of earnings and operations in the stock at New York—than for all its working expenses.

It was the operation of these causes of disaster which led to the collapse in railway property which took place last year. It might have been supposed that, after the severe lessons taught our railroad financiers during the revulsion, they would have had the sagacity to alter their tactics, reform their management, and adopt a new policy. The re-election of Mr. Charles Moran, with the salary granted to him in flush times, is only one of the proofs we see that no such thing is being attempted.

A temporary stagnation in business is favoring speculation in stocks. In the months of February and March last there was an insane speculation in railway stocks in Wall Street, not based on any increase in the value of the property, but wholly and altogether on speculative grounds—each buyer distrusting the real value of his purchases, but comforting himself with the belief that some greater fool than he would come forward in time and relieve him of his load at an advance. A similar movement appears to be in progress at present. How far it will go, and how many fortunes it will cost, no one can yet tell; but that it must be followed by a reaction of the most serious character every thoughtful person must perceive.

The railroad policy of the United States must be radically reformed. Many roads must pass into the hands of bondholders. Extravagant expenditures must be stopped. Railroads must be managed as carefully as other enterprises. When these alterations are made, they may be good property to hold; until then, prudent men will beware of them.

ONE OF THE ANOMALIES OF MONARCHY.

Prussia is at present in a very singular embarrassment. Old age has reduced the reigning King to a state of helpless imbecility; he has lost equally the use of his mind and the powers of his body. Under the circumstances, as the Prussian system of government invests the King with a very large share of power, and very responsible duties in the public administration, it is highly desirable that the crown should pass to another head. In other words, the infirmities of the present monarch are so grave an inconvenience to the kingdom, and so serious an injury to the people at large, that the interests of the one and the other require that he should abdicate.

It does not appear that his Majesty, so far as his opinion can be ascertained, has any objection to vacate the throne. Nor has his brother, the heir-apparent, expressed unwillingness to anticipate the course of nature by assuming the sceptre at once. But, under the law, the abdication of a monarch is an act of high legal import, clothed with at least as much formality as a contract between individuals; and the appointment, by a hereditary monarch, of a successor to himself, during his lifetime, is of all others the function which would appear to require in the monarch the fullest exercise of the clearest intellect. How, then, can the King of Prussia, who is confessedly imbecile and out of his mind, perform two acts requiring the fullest and completest exercise of reason?

It seems that this difficulty, which to an American lawyer would seem fatal, must perforce be overcome by following the precedent established in England under the reign of George the Third. On that occasion the King, who was insane, was by special Act of Parliament declared to have appointed George the Fourth Regent. The Prussians propose to employ some similar fiction to escape the dilemma created by the dotage of their King. But the difficulty does not end here.

In Prussia the King has no civil list. Certain crown domains are assigned to each monarch when he ascends the throne, and he supports himself and his court out of the revenues thereof. No provision is made by law for the maintenance of a king who has abdicated. If, therefore, the present monarch abdicates, he and the Queen will be dependent for a maintenance on the charity of the Prince of Prussia, who will succeed to the throne. Her Majesty does not like the alternative, and declines to agree to the abdication. In the present condition of the King her will is paramount. And thus matters are at a dead lock.

Every day brings to light but too many flaws in our own system of Government. It is well to keep in view the anomalies of other systems, in order to reconcile ourselves to the imperfections of our own.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH A BRITISH MONOPOLY.

It looks as though the people of this country were going to have cause to feel rather foolish about the grand demonstrations which heralded the laying of the Atlantic Cable. The present cable, it now appears well understood, is a failure. And next year, as we are informed, the British Government will enable a new Company to lay a new cable between Ireland and Newfoundland, on conditions very different from those which were laid upon Cyrus Field's Company. The new telegraph will be made, beyond all question, a British enterprise. No room will be left for any idle talk about the neutrality of the cable in time of war. On the contrary, the fact that it will be a British weapon of offense and defense will not in the least be concealed either from us or from any other nation.

We can not tell how such a project as this would interfere with the exclusive privileges granted to Cyrus W. Field and his associates by the Government of Newfoundland. But we presume that with these gentlemen it would be, at the worst, a question of money; and that Great Britain would not be likely to spare to achieve her purpose. In the Atlantic Company the bulk of the stock is held in England, and there would probably be no difficulty in persuading the holders to meet the views of the British Government. The Newfoundland Company can only hope for business through the success of an ocean cable; it can hardly be expected to sacrifice its interests to patriotic considerations.

The laying of a British transatlantic cable, with a revenue guaranteed by the British Government on condition that, in time of hostilities, the cable should be exclusively used by that Government, would be an event of no mean importance to this country. Hostilities with Great Britain, though in the highest degree improbable, are not quite so utterly impossible that we could be indifferent to the establishment of an exclusively British telegraph across the ocean. In the event of such hostilities telegraphic communication between the Canadas and Great Britain would give a great advantage to our adversary. And, in any case, it would be inconvenient for the people of the United States to be dependent on the good-will of a foreign power for telegraphic communication with Europe.

Under the circumstances, steps should be taken without delay for the laying of a new telegraphic cable on new ground. The old scheme of a cable to the Azores, and thence to Portugal, may now be hopefully revived. Experience shows that, after all that has been said and printed about the bottom of the ocean, little or nothing is really known on the subject; the reasons that used to be urged in favor of the exclusive advantages possessed by the "telegraph plateau" have been pretty thoroughly refuted by the facts. No one can tell whether the bottom of the sea between this and Portugal may not really be better adapted for the reception of a cable than the supposed level between Newfoundland and Ireland. It is all guess work and blind experiment; and one route may be as feasible as another. There is, at all events, no reason why, if a cable may be laid from Trinity Bay to Valentia, another should not be laid from Cape Cod to the Azores, and from thence to the north cape of Portugal. And if the next twelve months are spent by an American Company in obtaining the requisite charters from the Government of Portugal, next summer's experiments between Ireland and Newfoundland will, in all probability, enable them to provide the right sort of cable at once, and to lay it on the first attempt. But the national interest requires that no time should be lost.

MUNICIPAL JOKES.

Every body knows that in Europe "the powers that be" can not be sued. Judges, under the old feudal dispensation, were the creatures of Crown, Prince, and ruling power, under whatsoever name; it was, of course, out of the question to expect them to entertain a complaint against their masters. Here, we are understood to have ordered things differently. You may sue the State and you may sue the city; you may sue the Governor and sue the Mayor; you may sue any body, in fact. But after you have sued and got judgment, the case is changed.

There is a gentleman in this city by the name of Lowber, who has a claim against the city for a sum ranging in the neighborhood of $200,000. This Lowber has been urging this claim ever since the days of Methuselah; he has been suing the city in all manner of courts, and getting all kinds of executions, and adopting all sorts of methods to get his two hundred thousand dollars. On the other hand, our city Controller has been resisting Lowber with a dogged obstinacy that has been magnificent to witness. First he set up the Corporation Counsel—Master Richard Busteed—against him. When he was knocked down—which operation, it must be confessed, was not by any means as difficult as Richard's antecedents might have led one to suppose—the Controller set up Mr. Whiting. He was knocked down too; and the inexorable Lowber still pressed on, demanding his two hundred thousand dollars. There being nobody else to set up, the Controller leaped into the breach himself and swore he wouldn't pay. Lowber had judgments, a trunkful at least; he had a ream of executions; he said he would sell the city property, and leave the Mayor and Controller without a roof to cover their heads; but still Master Flagg stood out, and called his gods to witness that he wouldn't pay. Whereupon Lowber, having thoroughly satisfied himself of the Controller's decision, seized the portraits and furniture in the City Hall, and had the sheriff sell them at auction. They were duly bought in for $50,000 by the Mayor and City Chamberlain; and Lowber, with the money in his pocket, went on his way rejoicing.

The proceeding will strike our country friends as very droll. Either Lowber's claim was just, or it was not. If it was just, why didn't the Controller pay? If it was not, why were not the proper means taken to establish its injustice? There must be some standard in such matters, and we can not see why the city should be less straitly bound by the decisions of the courts than private individuals. If the rights of the city against Lowber were not adequately defended, why did not the Controller adopt proper measures to substitute fresh counsel for those who were delinquent? Let the precedent go forth that a controller may on his private judgment resist the decrees of court, and we shall very soon have controllers in league with knaves to buy public property at auction at half its value.

The sale of the portraits and furniture at the New York City Hall has its ludicrous side; but it has a serious side as well. An example of no good auspice has been set; the sooner it is neutralized the better.

THE LOUNGER.

"BALTIMORE, *Oct.*, 1858.

"Will Mr. Lounger inform his 'own' correspondent what he thinks will be a proper testimonial to be offered to our young Yankee (?) chess champion on his return home? Your 'own' thinks that a silver bas-relief or statuette of Mr. Staunton showing Mr. Löwenthal how he '*might have won*' would be quite appropriate. *Was denken sie*, mein Herr? CHEAPSIDE."

This note suggests what we in this country "might have done," and rarely do. Several years since a Mexican singer appeared at the Concerts of the Philharmonic Society at the old Apollo Rooms. She sang very wonderfully, with a voice of flexibility and power. New York thought it was all very well—thought Madame Castellan a pretty singer, but a little sharp, and that was all, until she went to Paris and London, where she has been long recognized as one of the most valuable of the Prima Donnas.

Then we had Bosio. There was a good pun upon her name made by the *Courier and Enquirer*, which called her *beaux yeux*. She was an exquisite Zerlina, arch, fascinating, simple, coy, and she sang deliciously. Who didn't envy Masetto, that shepherd in pink hose and rainbow ribbons, when she cured his bruises? Every body was delighted, thought it very pleasant, and asked, Who is Bosio? She went to Europe, and stands at the very head, side by side with the best.

Why did we have to learn from Europe that she was of the best? Why do we never trust our opinions until they are echoed across the water? "Who reads an American book?" sneered Sydney Smith. We paid the witty canon for his sneer by selling him Pennsylvania bonds. But it not only rankles still, it also still affects public opinion in a certain degree. There are plenty of people who do not believe in American books because they are American. There are a great many readers who will secretly agree with the London *Saturday Review*, which, in concluding a review of a novel called "Theodosia," which it says has had considerable success in the United States, and of which we are very sure most of our readers never heard, says:

> "The relation of Fenimore Cooper to Walter Scott, of Mr. Prescott to Lord Macaulay, of Mr. Longfellow to Mr. Tennyson, of Mr. Emerson to Mr. Carlyle, of Washington Irving to Goldsmith, of Justice Story to Lord Brougham, of the *North American Review* to the *Edinburgh* or *Quarterly*, is, to speak algebraically, a constant relation, and it would be easy to find parallels among theologians."

The apparent point of this assertion disappears before a little thought. But our purpose now is to remark that this kind of remark is justified by us in other ways than those of literature. It implies an imitation, or want of resolution to stand alone and make our own models—as well as form our own opinions and abide by them.

Paul Morphy was just as wonderful a player last autumn in New York as he is now in Paris. He played here at the famous Chess Congress for several days. He did his great blindfold feats. The newspapers talked about him curiously. Many persons went to see him. But there was some question whether Morphy or Paulsen were the better player.

Paul Morphy goes to England, and is welcomed by the votaries of Caissa. He plays in London—successfully as usual. The matter is important enough to return to us as special news; so that, probably, a great many Americans learned of him for the first time from the news summary upon the arrivals of the steamers. He crosses to Paris, and the impending contest between him and the famous Harrwitz instantly becomes a topic of Continental conversation. He enters the *Café de la Regence*, and the *habitués* own a master. He seats himself in the chair of all the great players, and proceeds to contest the championship of the world. Paris hangs wondering and delighted over his game. Its results are telegraphed over the Continent to distinguished players. The Duke of Brunswick is summoned to France to behold the apotheosis of his favorite amusement. The audience at the Opera rises and turns from the stage to look upon the celebrated man of chess—the boy, rather—"the little corporal" of Caissa.

All over this country, now, we know all about him. We are satisfied that our Morphy is a great fellow—as after the victory of the *America* we believed implicitly in George Steers. What kind of ovation shall we prepare for his return? What hotel is spacious and splendid enough to castle him?

Of course it is very clear that a man can not really contest the championship of the world until he has played with the best players. But it is equally clear that we do not recognize nor honor our own prophets. Rarey did in Ohio precisely what he has done in London. But the Queen and some lords went to see him, and applauded.

It is that applause, not our own observation, which apprised us that there was something admirable and notable in Rarey; and it is the applause of Paris, not any perception of ours, which has made Paul Morphy famous.

LA PICCOLOMINI.

MR. NAPOLEON ULLMAN has issued his first bulletin, and there is one point in it which attests his genius. The reader will remember that, last year, we used to be favored with operatic manifestoes from the same hand, and that the most elaborate was that which heralded the great Musard triumph. Alas! the reader will also recall *how* great that triumph was.

Now it is the characteristic of genius to be not only undismayed but cheerful under defeat. Yet it would be very hard for the manager to make the public forget the terrible failure of Musard to fulfill the phrenetic (we borrow a word from the literature of French criticism) promises of the manifesto. Still, it was necessary to begin a new campaign with a resonant bulletin. How could it be done in the face of that other!

There was but one way to do it, and that Mr. Ullman has adopted. He has confessed that he made a mistake; and, more than that, he confirms the judgment of the public, by saying:

> "The Director would not be understood to say that the bare reputation of an artist insures his or her success. Mistakes that have been made by him, as well as others, in the engagement of celebrities on the decline, have been justly dealt with by the public; and, for this reason, he has spared no pains nor money to engage such stars only as should, by their freshness, monopolize the public attention on this side the Atlantic, even as they had obtained it on the other."

Of course, after that, the most incredulous reader will not fail to "give in his adhesion" to the rest of the programme, which promises us Piccolomini, Johanna Wagner, and Laborde, with Belart and Karl Formes.

For reasons which he has already stated, the Lounger has no doubt of the Piccolomini's success. But perhaps she should have come to us a year earlier, for although the Atlantic wire is not practically useful, we are still very near to England; by listening intently we can hear what is said there. The *Athenæum*, indeed, has always called La Piccolomini the little impostor—but the *Athenæum* said very much the same of Jenny Lind. A London correspondent now says that Lord Ward spoiled La Piccolomini with a thornless and leafless white rose, which he presented to her from a proscenium box! Ever since that day she has received praise of a kind symbolized by the rose—perfectly unadulterated, and carefully stripped of every thorn of censure. Therefore, he argues, the pretty princess of twenty is changed, and now plays to particular boxes, and shocks all good musicians and careful actors.

Let us be glad that he adds that she is as privately irreproachable as Jenny Lind, since he predicts a success for her, in this country, no greater than Grisi's. But, above all, let us try and make up our own minds about her.

FRESH TOADS!

THE Lounger begs pardon of John Bull. He recently accused his English cousin of eating toads with a relish beyond that of the Yankee. But he repents, for his eyes are opened.

It is not many weeks since a paragraph coursed through all the newspapers stating that, upon some occasion, the President of the United States washed his hands at a common basin, and wiped them upon the towel which had been already used by other citizens. A similar remarkable spectacle was witnessed by the Lounger, several years since, at the opening of the Erie Railroad, when, at Dunkirk, there was "too much people for de chair" to that degree that the then President, Mr. Fillmore, was compelled to wash the Presidential hands in a basin with other people, and stand in the queue waiting his turn for the common towel.

On that occasion it was impossible not to remark the fact and to moralize a little upon it; but the Lounger did Mr. Fillmore the natural justice of supposing that, like other decent people, he preferred a private room and a clean towel for his ablutions. He did the same in the instance of Mr. Buchanan. It was a pity he couldn't have had a private room, and that was all.

But the free and enlightened newspapers of this happy land found something sublime in that common basin and dirty towel, and drew thence overwhelming arguments against kingcraft and despotism, by insisting upon the thrilling scene of this great man, our President, to whom Popes are as puff-balls and Kings as coppers, wiping his revered hands upon a crash roller. Of course the London *Examiner*, with inevitable and sneering sarcasm, replied, that a bloody tyrant of a king would have pampered his feudal state by asking for fresh water and clean towels.

The hit was fairly earned and well made. The pure snobbishness of the paragraphs in the papers was only the more disgusting because totally uncalled for. That dirty towel should have been hushed up in the tavern.

But it seems the President is not to be allowed to escape. The incense of toads is the penalty of distinction; and "VISITOR," who is apparently what is called a "religious" correspondent of some newspaper, has lately consumed, in honor of the President, the most tremendous toad that was ever eaten in this country. Not only the innocent President's hands, but "VISITOR" has wiped him all over with the very dirtiest kind of towel. The account of the English wedding, which we published a few weeks since, is mild and decorous compared with this performance, the most of which, for it ought not to be abridged, is as follows:

> "Mr. Buchanan's retinue at Wheatland consists of a housekeeper, a female servant, and a little boy; the latter came to the door to answer our call, and in a moment, before we had time to enter, the President himself came out, and, cordially greeting us, conducted us to the parlor. He at once entered into a free conversation, which he commenced by asking as to the state of religion in the several places of our residence. Then followed a minute account of that peculiar inclination of his head which has often been noticed by those who have attempted to describe him. The substance of the account is, that his eyes are not *mates*, one being *short*, the other *long-sighted*. This, he thinks, was always the condition of his eyes, and occasioned, early in life, that lateral curvature of his neck which is a noticeable feature of his portly *physique*.
>
> "Nothing about this truly great man is more wonderful than the ease and simplicity of his manners in private life. He throws off all reserve, and makes his visitor feel quite at home in his presence. While we sat there a rough laboring man walked in without a coat and saluted the President, 'Good-morning, Sir,' and handed him some newspapers. The 'rich brogue' betrayed the man's nationality. Mr. B. replied with a calm smile, '*Thank you*,' took the papers, and the man left.
>
> "A more pleasing instance of this freedom from ostentation and pride was his manner at church on the preceding Sabbath. He walked from his residence, which must be two miles, as the church is in the opposite suburb of Lancaster, and came a little after the service began. His feet were covered with dust, and the perspiration was standing on his forehead. No stir was made in the congregation; he quietly entered his own pew, and engaged in silent devotion. A psalm-book was handed to him, and he at once participated in the song of praise. He seemed greatly interested in the sermon, which was indeed worthy the attention of kings and all others in authority, as well as of all under authority. It was based on the passage, 'Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian,' and, besides possessing extraordinary merit as a piece of composition, was delivered with eloquence and power.
>
> "After church the President walked devoutly, and entirely unattended, through the streets of Lancaster. What stranger, looking upon that solitary pedestrian, apparently oblivious of self, and not expecting admiration, could have imagined that he was the Chief Magistrate of this mighty nation?"

That the dust should stick to the boots and the perspiration stand upon the forehead of a President of the United States, as they might in the case of any ordinary old gentleman of sixty odd who had walked to church on a hot Sunday along a country road, is a phenomenon so incredible that the mind refuses to accept it all at once.

But why did "VISITOR" omit the touching and beautiful fact, of which the reader of his letter is as well assured as if he had stated it at length, namely, that, having recovered from his astonishment at the audacity of the perspiration and the dust, he lay down flat upon his belly and licked the dust from the President's boots.

HIDDEN VALLEY, MADISON CO., N. Y., *Oct.*, 1858.

WITH a wealth—a very Ormus and Ind, dear Lounger—of things much better, have you room for an *Imitation?* Who knows but it may lead some one to look up the rare verse which suggests it—unless, alas! my poor *Denial* shall refuse to suggest. C. O. W.

DENIAL.

C. O. WASELOE.

Hast thou the four-leaved clover left to blow,
Nor forced the cardinal from its chosen brook?
The prairie-flower to spend its bloom alone,
Nor robbed the woods of earliest violet?
Passed the bright shell, and left it on the shore,
Nor filched the crimson sea-moss from the wave?
Sat by beloved maid, nor touched her hand,
Nor asked the rose that in her bosom lay?
Fanned the pale brow, nor pressed the treasured head,
More dear than all things else the world contains?
Bent over drawing eyes, nor kissed the lips
Whose sweet and eloquent silence said, "I love,"
And steeped the soul in new and nameless bliss?
With still unfaltering step the height hast trod
Where dizzy Passion led? Passed, unconfused,
Through labyrinths of wildering ecstasies?
Put by, for others, goblets crowned with flowers,
E'en though from Courtesy's or Friendship's hand?
O Wise and Strong! Be ever near to me,
Until I learn that love untaught to thee!

LOLA MONTEZ AND CHARITY.

THE musing traveler, as he glides into Boston upon the Western Railroad, will see across the salt meadows a slim gray shaft, rising in the cold blue air beyond the city; and, if he watch it long and curiously, may fancy that he beholds the point of a dancer's slipper.

For there is a tradition among the three mountains that when a certain people had commenced a monument to commemorate the great men and the great days of their political emancipation, they were compelled to discontinue the work by reason of want of money. Yet in those days came a dancer among that people who found plenty of money among them; and was so greatly favored by them that, out of pure gratitude, she completed the work of their hands with her toe. The legend relates that there were some of the people who declared that it was shameful the work should be so finished, and would remain forever a memorial of their want of patriotism. To which, says the legend, was made this reply—That the incomplete work would be a more shameful monument of that want.

A similar question has been recently suggested in New York. The Church of the Good Shepherd, of which the Rev. Ralph Hoyt is pastor, was destroyed in the tornado last June, and he is now engaged in collecting money to rebuild it. Touched by the spectacle of a good man working earnestly and unweariedly in a good cause, Lola Montez offered to deliver a lecture in aid of the project, and did so. There has been complaint that the offer should have been refused. But on what ground?

Of course there could be but one ground—that Lola Montez had been a public dancer, and a woman not always conspicuous in the most womanly way; and that, therefore, it was a scandal to the Church.

Is it meant by this that technically religious institutions ought to decline all pecuniary and other assistance from people whose lives are not immaculate? or only that it should decline such aid from those whose reputations have been called in question? If the former be meant, then the progress of all religious institutions dependent upon money will be immediately stopped, since all men are more or less sinful. But if the latter, then every work so completed will be an institution for the promotion of hypocrisy, as making a distinction between open and secret sin. When a collection is taken up in a church is the money considered with reference to the characters of the contributors? May a dollar be taken from a man who lies that might not be received from one who steals?

In accepting the offer of this lecture, and in delivering it, both the pastor and the lecturer seem to us to have acted in a generous and Christian spirit.

LANDOR.

BEFORE the sorrowful spectacle of the haughty scholar flying, in his extreme old age, from his country, hunted by his faults, who can forget the old, old story that our own passions are the Furies that scourge and pursue us? Who thought to live long enough to exclaim, "Poor Landor!"

Amidst the unanimous indignation of outraged public virtue it is grateful to hear one voice pleading for the poor old man; and although it be a private voice, the Lounger will make it heard as far as possible. The following letter comes to us, only three weeks old, from Florence, for so long a time the home of Landor:

> "I see that Dickens, in his published letter of May 25, giving the causes of his separation from his wife, states that 'the peculiarity of her character has thrown all the children on some one else;' which, if it means any thing, means that she has no natural affection for her offspring. This I can readily believe, and, further, that it is one of those strange physiological facts or exceptions to a general fact that so often puzzles observers of humanity. I am acquainted with a relative of Mrs. Dickens, the mother of ten children, who, after her children are weaned, has no more instinctive love for them than an animal has for its young after they are able to get their own food. It would seem, therefore, that this unhappy trait runs in the blood. What the 'dickens' has got into the matrimonial ménages of English authors of late? Ruskin is divorced from his wife. Lewes has left his. Lytton wishes to confine his spouse in a mad-house. Thackeray's is insane. Mrs. Jameson and Mrs. Norton's domestic infelicities are public history. Landor fled from his wife, and now, flying from another man's, returns, in his old age, to the shelter of his own uncongenial roof at Fiesole. Examples might be multiplied until one would feel persuaded that misery and matrimony, among writers, were synonymous terms.
>
> "The English papers are attacking Landor with a bilious ferocity and intensity of spite scarcely paralleled by his own offenses. They have been seized with one of their epidemic moral spasms, and, delighted with so distinguished a sacrifice, they make him expiate not only his own faults, but do a little vicarious business for themselves also. They hiss and sputter at him like so many demons, rather than Christian critics. Not one suggests there could be the slightest provocation for Landor's scurrilous verses. But I am told, not from him, that so far from dining with the Yescombes three times weekly, as represented, they dined on him, for he never dines out; they made him quarrel with some of his best friends; that the young lady who was the object of his erratic regards, as stated in the English journals, who was sent away by the Yescombes to avoid his lascivious solicitations, was, on the contrary, so highly esteemed by him that he gave, out of his limited means, money to Mrs. Yescombe, that she might travel for her health, which was delicate; that the *use* Mrs. Yescombe made of this money was so different from his object in giving it that it aroused his indignation to an ungovernable pitch. Other serious causes of complaint on his part are mentioned among his friends, without, however, any attempt to justify his indecent violence. Fortunately, Landor never reads the public prints and reviews, so he remains in the main ignorant of their excessive bile. The thousand pounds damages will never gladden the pockets of the Yescombes, for it is among the things that are not in the poet's pocket."

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

"DETROIT, *Sept.*, 1858.

"MR. LOUNGER,—How should a gentleman's calling card be written—

'*MR. JOHN SMITH*,' or
'JOHN SMITH?'

"Your old friend, B. B."

—The simplest solution of this dilemma is to think what you would say if, upon calling and not "getting in," you found that you had left your card-case at home. Would you say, "Tell Mrs. Jones that John Smith called," or "Tell Mrs. Jones that Mr. John Smith called?" You leave a card for the purpose of saying just that. In London some sprightly card engraver has introduced a reduced photograph of the person upon his card.

"LOUISVILLE.

"DEAR LOUNGER:

'Oh! young ladies who sigh over novels in yellow,
And think Eugene Sue an exceeding smart fellow.'

"The above, which I take from 'The Finishing School' in *Harper's Magazine* for September, has recalled a question that has occurred to me before, and that question is, Whether or not the writings of Eugene Sue are to be classed as 'yellow-backed.' I believe the above quotation intimates as much, and I have heard them so termed by others; then again, I have heard persons who were acquainted with literature, and who were probable judges of the matter, style *some* of his works as being equal to any thing Scott or Dickens ever wrote. As to myself, I have read but two of Sue's books—the 'Wandering Jew' and 'Mysteries of Paris'—and I think they are neither 'yellow-backed,' nor yet equal to 'Guy Mannering' or 'David Copperfield.' Now, Mr. Lounger, *if* not foreign to the tenor of your way, will you inform me what position *in literature* the works of Eugene Sue hold?

"Your friend,

"A LOUNGER, IN A LAZY SENSE OF THE WORD."

—The "literary" position of Eugene Sue is not high. His style has no special excellence, and his invention is poor. Sue's best work is the "Mysteries of Paris," of which the story is interesting, although horrible. But its chief value is its picture of the lower world of Paris. That was, in itself, absorbing. But Sue did not, like Dickens, use and elaborate his material. He gave it to us raw.

"FERNANDINA, *September* 22, 1858.

"MR. LOUNGER,—Will you please publish for the benefit of your readers, Edgar Poe's poem on *The Raven*. *I have heard much* of it, and have great curiosity to read it. A. M. F."

—It is a laudable and natural curiosity, and may be gratified by consulting the "Poets of the Nineteenth Century," published by the Harpers.

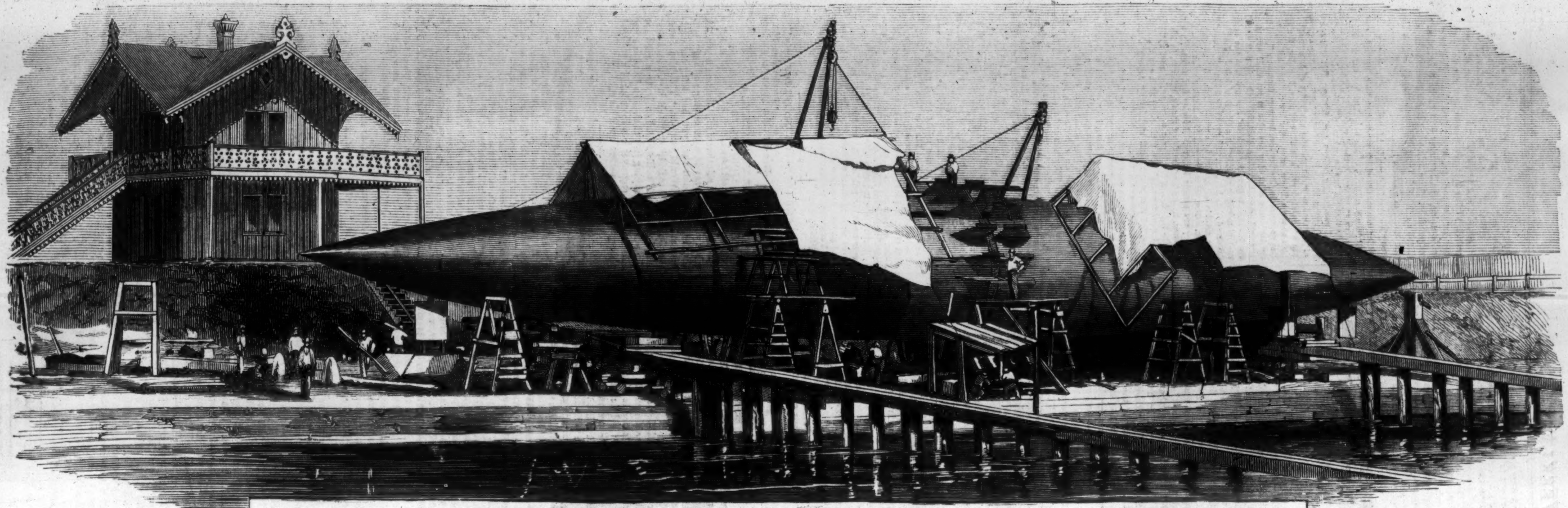
—The Lounger presents his compliments to W. S. F., but he agrees with the friend and not with his courteous correspondent.

—In the Lounger's box lies much more verse, but it must remain there. For instance:

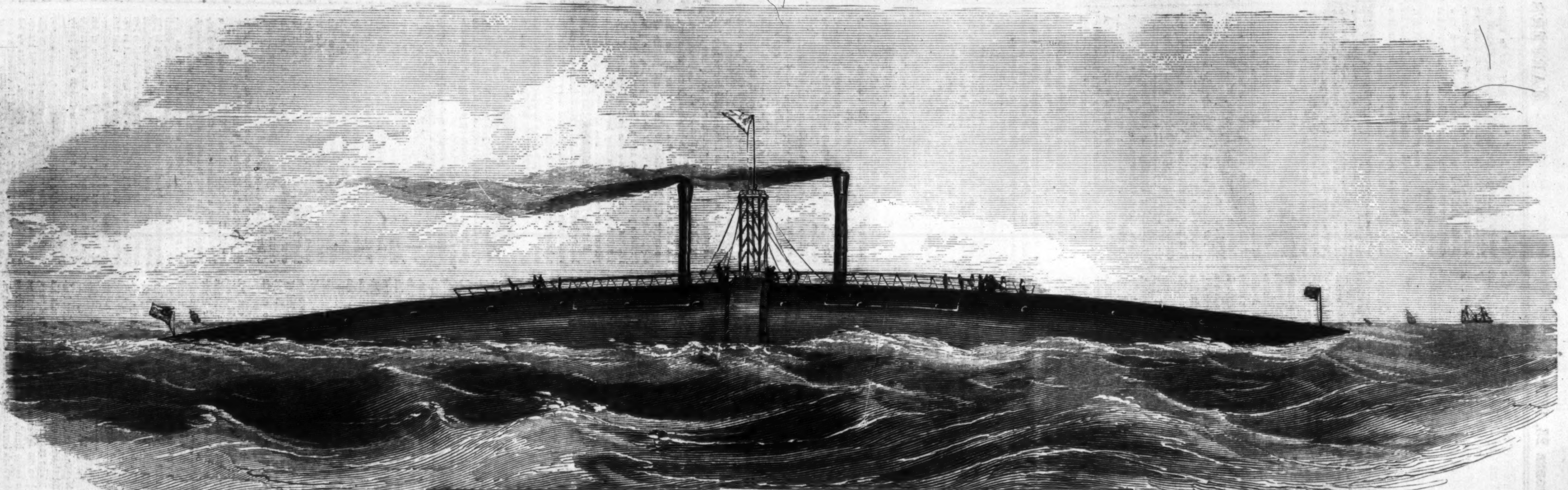
"The cry has sunk beneath its pall,
List! It now hath died;
The rain upon the house-top fall,
We hear no sound beside."

and, a little behind time and without rhyme, some lines upon the wedding of the Princess Royal,

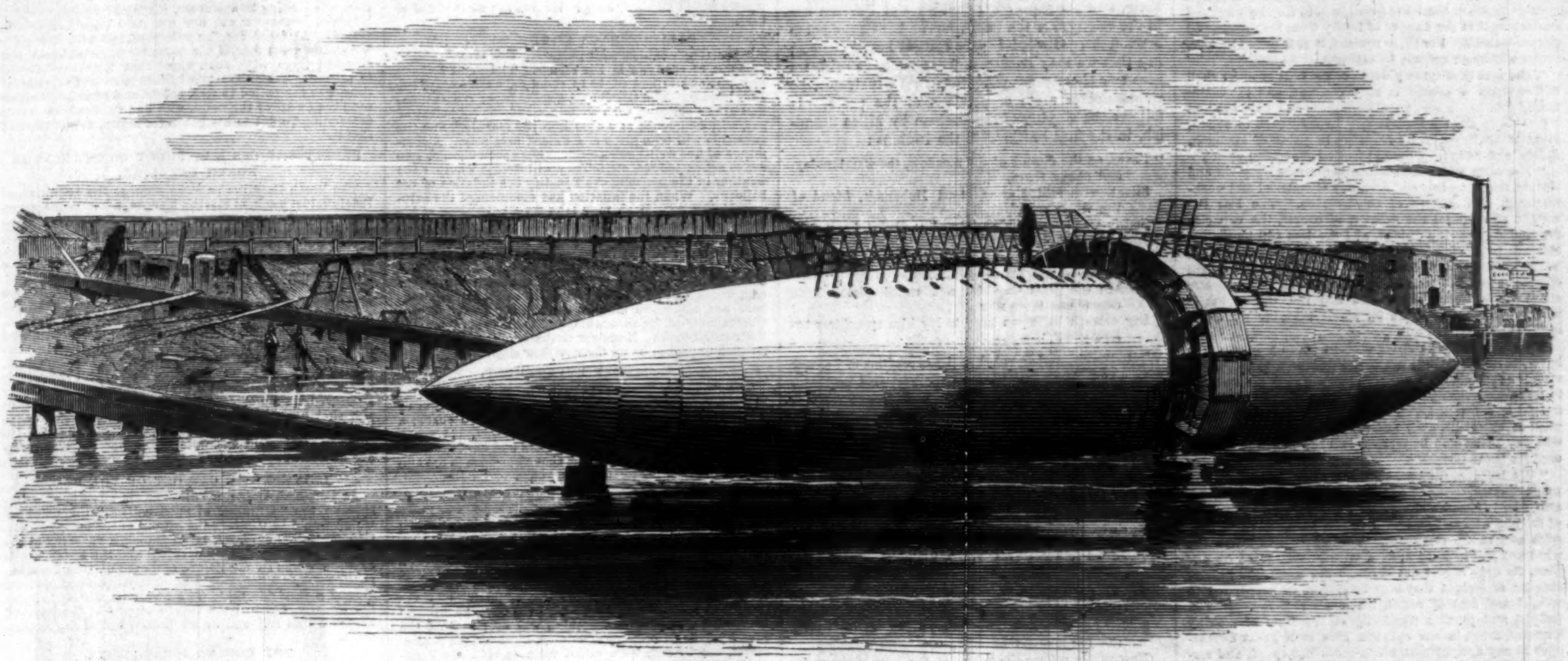
"'Tis an assembly most august,
For royalty is here—and nobles, high
In Church and State—the pride of Britain's realm."



THE WINANS STEAMSHIP, ON THE WAYS BEFORE THE LAUNCHING.—[From a Photograph.]



THE WINANS STEAMSHIP AS SHE WILL APPEAR AT SEA.



THE WINANS STEAMSHIP AFTER BEING LAUNCHED.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]

THE WINANS STEAMER.

WE give herewith a correct picture of the famous Winans steamer, now building near the Ferry Bay, at Baltimore, by the Messrs. Winans of that city. For the benefit of those of our readers who have not heard of this vessel, we will observe that, if successful, she will inaugurate a new era in naval architecture. She is like nothing now afloat. She has no keel, no masts, no rigging, no deck, no cut-water, no blunt bow, no round or square stern. In shape she resembles nothing so much as a huge cigar. Round the middle of the cigar runs a round ring, attached to which are flanges, set at the correct angle to strike the water and propel the vessel. The ring is made to revolve rapidly round the vessel by four powerful steam-engines placed amidships. The deck is only a segment of a circumference of sixteen feet; upon it are riveted four settees, upon which passengers will take the air. There are rudders at both ends, in shape like spades, with a blade four feet by three. We will only add that the vessel is sixteen feet in circumference at the widest part, and 180 feet long; and that her owners expect her to cross the Atlantic in four days. The following is their description of this striking novelty:

"It has been with a view to obtaining greater safety, dispatch, uniformity and certainty of action, as well as economy of transportation by sea (taking shipwrecks and other casualties and risks into consideration), that we have devised and combined the elements exhibited in the vessel in question.

"Experience has shown that steam power on board sea-going vessels, when used in aid of sails, insures, to a great extent, dispatch, certainty of action, and uniformity in the time of their voyages. Now, we believe that, by discarding sails entirely, and all their necessary appendages, and building the vessel of iron, having reference to the use of steam alone, these most desirable ends may be even still more fully obtained.

"The vessel we are now constructing has reference to these objects, and is for the purpose of experiment, to enable us to test the accuracy and practical value of our peculiar views. It has no keel, no cut-water, no blunt bow standing up above the water-line to receive blows from the heaving sea, no flat deck to hold, or bulwark to retain, the water that a rough sea may cast upon the vessel; neither masts, spars, nor rigging. The absence of sails not only renders the parts thus abandoned by us useless, but their abandonment in a vessel such as ours will, we believe, most materially promote safety, easy movement, or diminished strain of vessels in rough weather, will save dead or non-paying weight, insure simplicity and economy of construction, and will give greater speed in smooth water, less diminution of speed in rough water, as well as diminished resistance to moving power at all speeds, in all water, and result in shortening the average time of making sea voyages. [This, we believe, is well established.—*Ed. H. W.*]

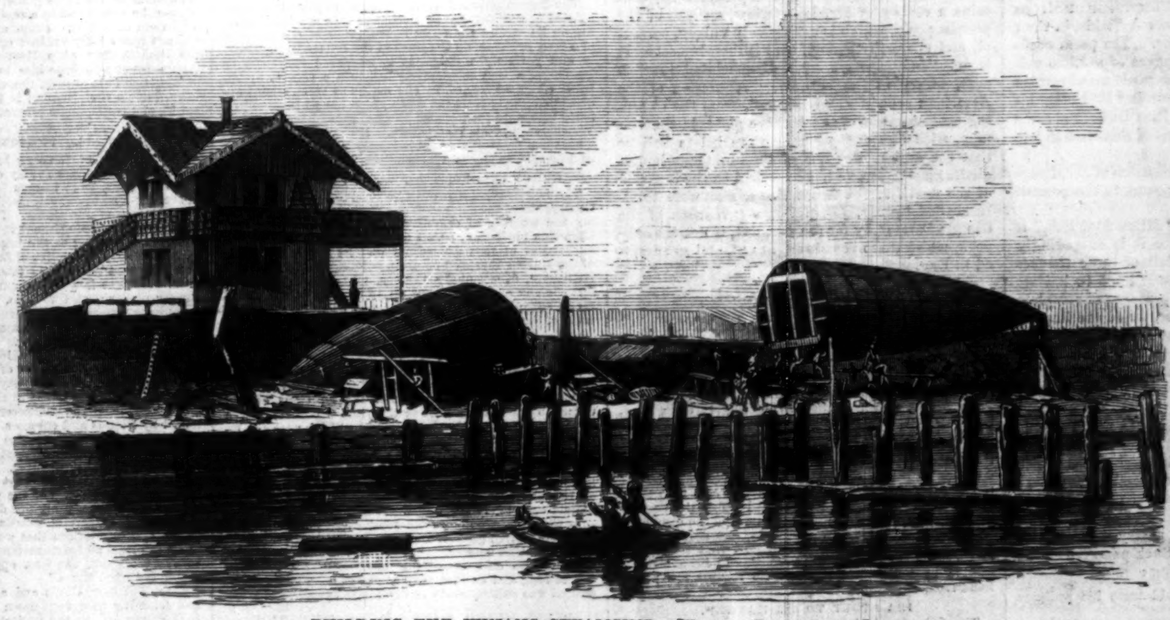
"The length of the vessel we are building is more than eleven times its breadth of beam, being 16 feet broad and 180 feet long. This whole length is made available to secure water-lines, which are materially more favorable to fast speed, and also to diminished resistance to moving power at all speeds, than the water-lines of any of the sea-going steamers now built, the best of which, looking to speed and ease of movement, have a length of only eight times their breadth of beam. The portion of our vessel not immersed has the same lines as that immersed, so that it will pass easily through the heaviest sea; while, from its form and construction, no water can be shipped that will sensibly augment the load, or endanger the safety of the vessel, which may, we believe, be propelled at its highest speed in rough weather with an impunity which is far from being attainable with vessels, as now built, to be propelled wholly or in part by sails. It is believed, also, that the plan and position of the propelling wheel in this vessel is such that its minimum hold of the water will be much greater in proportion to tonnage of vessels than the maximum hold of the propelling wheel or wheels in ordinary steamers, thus enabling the full steam-power to be applied, with its maximum effect, at all times, and uniformly, thus making available those properties of the hull of the vessel which allow it to be propelled at full speed in the roughest sea.

"The engines are high pressure, and have a cut-off that is variable from ¼ to full stroke. They are four in number, and, combined, will exert three-fold more power in proportion to displacement of water than those of the most powerful steam-packets now built.

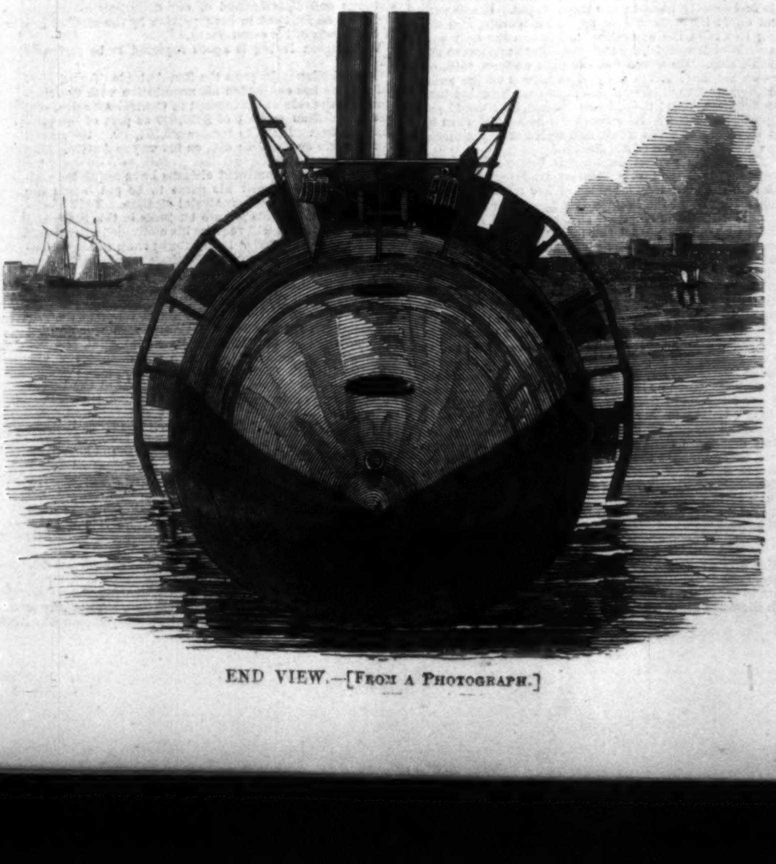
"The boilers are similar to locomotive boilers in plan and construction, and can consume about 30 tons of coal in 24 hours.

"The above peculiarities of construction, it is believed, will enable the present vessel, even notwithstanding the decided disadvantage she will labor under from her small size, to make better speed in smooth water than usual. It is believed, however, that the greatest advantages will be those exhibited in heavy weather, enabling her materially to exceed the average speed heretofore made upon the ocean.

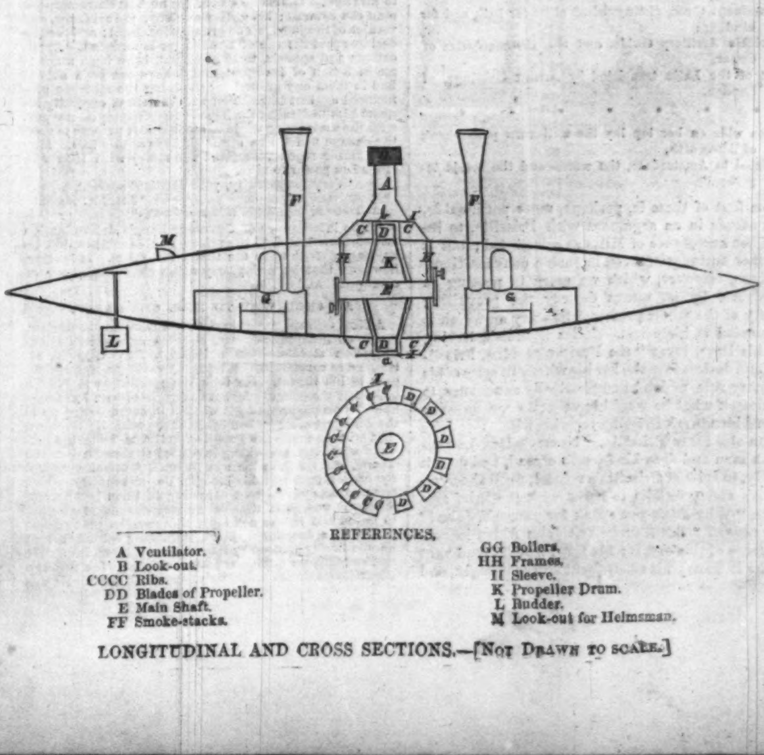
"Again, the vessel being built entirely of iron, she will be free from all danger from fire; and, from the number of her distinct and water-tight compartments, she will be



BUILDING THE WINANS STEAMSHIP.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]



END VIEW.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]



REFERENCES.

A Ventilator.
B Look-out.
CCCC Ribs.
DD Blades of Propeller.
E Main Shaft.
FF Smoke-stacks.
GG Boilers.
HH Frames.
II Sleeve.
K Propeller Drum.
L Rudder.
M Look-out for Helmsman.

LONGITUDINAL AND CROSS SECTIONS.—[NOT DRAWN TO SCALE.]

comparatively free from danger of sinking in case of collision or other mishap, as any one or even several of the compartments might be filled with water without seriously endangering her safety. And further, the form of the vessel, while it makes her stronger than usual, is such as to afford the least possible hold for the wind and waves; so that the danger of injury from heavy seas and storms is small. For these reasons, it is believed that the vessel will be an unusually safe one.

"The fact that every portion of the hull or outer shell of the vessel is arched in all directions, and the entire material is in the best possible position and form to resist the various strains that it can be subjected to at sea, gives it an important advantage in point of strength, safety, and buoyancy over any other sea-going vessel.

"The form and construction is remarkably plain and simple, resulting in great economy of material and workmanship, and facility of construction. The less the weight of material the greater, of course, the capacity for carrying paying freight, and the less will be the resistance to moving power in proportion to such freight. With 200 tons of coal on board, the present vessel will displace about 350 tons of water, and will accommodate about 20 first-class passengers and the United States mail, with room to spare for small valuable packages, specie, etc.

"We believe that shorter average ocean passages than have yet been obtained are desirable, and may be had by vessels constructed on our plan; and if they are confined to carrying passengers, the mail, specie, and such other freight as can well afford to pay a high rate, in consideration of extra dispatch and safety, we believe that they will pay better and be more useful than the vessels now used for these purposes.

"We believe, further, that the same principles and properties which adapt our vessel to high average speed, also adapt it to the cheap, safe, and sure transportation of freight as compared with vessels using sails only, or sails and steam combined. The small hold which the wind and waves have upon a vessel constructed on our plan, its easy movement through the water, the greater amount of freight that may be carried in proportion to weight and cost of vessel, the small risk to vessel and freight, and greater regularity in the time of making voyages, must, in our opinion, give to it great advantages in any competition, where economy, speed, and certainty are the results to be obtained.

"We also believe that due speed for passengers, and due economy for tonnage, when speed is not required, will justify the use of steam on our plan, on many routes in a smaller and cheaper class of vessels than any which can now be profitably employed."

LITERARY.

THE most notable book of the past week is Mr. Longfellow's new poem, THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH, published by Ticknor & Fields, in their usual style of tasteful elegance. The poem occupies one hundred and fifteen pages of a 12mo volume, the remainder of which is made up of certain fugitive pieces, among which we find that magnificent poem on the death of the Iron Duke, and some other of the author's best efforts of this class in late years.

The volume brings up the collection of Mr. Longfellow's hitherto ungathered poems to the present time.

With the principal poem, "Miles Standish," it would be a sin to quarrel, since it is exceedingly rich, delicate, and pleasant, full of those touches of rare skill in which no one can hope to imitate the author, and abounding in passages of complete beauty. We can not, however, avoid the impression, which we state with some hesitation, that, as a whole, it is inferior to the most which Mr. Longfellow has before published. It may be difficult to define wherein this inferiority consists. The most obvious remark would be that the poem is unequal—that there is too much flatness, too much that is commonplace—in portions of it. Yet this is a matter of taste; and others would, perhaps, consider the same passages beautiful for simplicity. There is, undeniably, a little too much of the Massachusetts Historical Society here. But even this will find admirers among lovers of poetry who are also inclined to antiquarianism. Such passages as the following illustrate our meaning:

"He was a gentleman born, could trace his pedigree plainly
Back to Hugh Standish, in Duxbury Hall, in Lancashire, England,
Who was the son of Ralph, and the grandson of Thurston de Standish;
Heir unto vast estates, of which he was basely defrauded:
Still bore the family arms, and had for his crest a cock argent,
Combed and wattled gules, and all the rest of the blazon.

* * * * * * * *

Fixed to the opposite wall was a shelf of books, and among them
Prominent three, distinguished alike for bulk and for binding;
Bariffe's Artillery Guide, and the Commentaries of Cæsar,
Out of the Latin translated by Arthur Goldinge, of London.

* * * * * * * *

Open wide on her lap lay the well-worn psalm-book of Ainsworth,
Printed in Amsterdam, the words and the music together."

The first of these is, perhaps, more pardonable, as it occurs in an argument with Priscilla, to induce her acceptance of Miles as a husband; but it is rather antiquarian even in such a conversation.

These, however, which we mark in passing as blemishes, by no means destroy the prevailing beauty of the whole poem. The story on which it is founded is historical. Miles Standish, having lost his Rose, loves "the Puritan maiden, Priscilla," and desires to make her his wife. In spite of his ordinary rule, which he emphatically enunciates, to do himself what he would have well done, he sends John Alden to ask Priscilla to be his wife. But John Alden also loves Priscilla. Nevertheless, he goes like a man and does his friend's errand, and does it boldly, in spite of Priscilla's refusal, until she overpowers and puts him to flight with the brief sentence, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" The rage of Miles Standish at John Alden in consequence of this result; his fury, which found vent on the Indians; his subsequent better thought, and long residence in the forest, while he caused the news of his death to be sent to Plymouth, that John and Priscilla might have no obstacle to their marriage; and his return to honor the wedding—these, and accompanying incidents of Puritan life in the colony, are the substance on which the poem is wrought. Our brief space forbids long extracts; but that we may illustrate what we have said, we give two short passages. The first illustrates the commonplace style of portions of the poem. It follows the slaying of the Sachem by Miles Standish, in the first battle with the Indians:

"There, on the flowers of the meadow, the warriors lay, and above them,
Silent, with folded arms, stood Hobomok, friend of the white man.
Smiling, at length he exclaimed to the stalwart Captain of Plymouth,
'Pecksuot bragged very loud, of his courage, his strength, and his stature—
Mocked the great Captain, and called him a little man; but I see now
Big enough have you been to lay him speechless before you!'"

While the following reaches those regions of beauty into which few poets have so far traveled and carried their readers as Mr. Longfellow. It follows the description of the sailing of the *Mayflower*, on her return voyage to England; and it is but one of numerous passages which are sufficient to rank the poem among the great works of this period:

"Long in silence they watched the receding sail of the vessel,
Much endeared to them all, as something living and human;
Then, as if filled with the Spirit, and wrapt in a vision prophetic,
Baring his hoary head, the excellent Elder of Plymouth
Said, 'Let us pray!' and they prayed, and thanked the Lord, and took courage.
Mournfully sobbed the waves at the base of the rock, and above them
Bowed and whispered the wheat on the hill of death, and their kindred
Seemed to awake in their graves, and to join in the prayer that they uttered.
Sun-illumined and white, on the eastern verge of the ocean,
Gleamed the departing sail, like a marble slab in a grave-yard;
Buried beneath it lay forever all hope of escaping."

The London *Athenæum*, of September 25, contains a review of Mr. Longfellow, *apropos* of the present poem, which is excessively vulgar, personal, and unworthy even of that illiberal sheet. It is manifestly written by a disappointed English poet, angry at the spreading reputation of the American poet in England, and, from the sweeping condemnation of the fugitive pieces in the volume, with two exceptions, we are led to believe that the author was one of the innumerable Englishmen who strove to be poetical on the occasion of the death of the Great Duke, and were totally shaded by Mr. Longfellow's "Warden of the Cinque-Ports;" by far the greatest, if not the only poem which that event brought out, and so accepted in England.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE FALL ELECTIONS.

SINCE our last paper went to press elections have taken place in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, and Minnesota. All the returns are not to hand as yet; but enough is known to certify that the Republicans have been generally successful, and the Administration generally beaten. The opposition majority in Pennsylvania (where the Know Nothings fused with the Republicans) is set down as 25,000. Glancy Jones is defeated, and out of the whole Congressional delegation it seems that there are but four Buchanan Democrats. In Ohio the Opposition majority is set down at 15,000; six of the Congressmen elect are Democrats. From Indiana nothing is yet reliably known; some accounts assert that the Democratic State ticket has been elected. In Iowa there is said to be a Republican gain. No returns are yet to hand from Minnesota.

IRA STOUT TO BE HANGED.

The following is from the Rochester *Union*: "This morning Sheriff Babcock received the following letter from Governor King, declining to interfere with the sentence of death now resting against Ira Stout:

'STATE OF NEW YORK, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
'ALBANY, *October* 14, 1858.

'SIR,—A petition, dated the 30th of September, said to have been composed by and under the hand of Ira Stout, asking for a commutation of the sentence of death pronounced against him for the murder of Charles W. Littles to imprisonment for life, was received yesterday. The petition was without signatures, and fully admitted that Stout was guilty of the homicide. My own sense of duty, and a great regard for the feelings of the convict, admonish me not to withhold from him my decision in respect to this case. His crime was of the highest character that man can commit; his guilt was clear; the evidence, and verdict of the jury, left no grounds for doubt; and the law declares that the life of a murderer is forfeited. Applications and appeals, to some extent, have been made to me in behalf of Ira Stout, and I have not been able to find in them any ground for changing the sentence pronounced against him. You will, therefore, earnestly request him to dismiss the hope of interference on my part with the sentence of the law, and bid him prepare to meet the change which in a few brief days awaits him. May his humble repentance plead for mercy with Him who alone has power to save.

'Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
'JOHN A. KING.

'A. BABCOCK, Esq., Sheriff of Monroe County.'

"The intelligence of Governor King's determination was communicated to the prisoner this forenoon, but we are not advised as to the immediate effect. It is clear, however, that he had pretty much abandoned hope of commutation."

A QUEER WAY TO KILL ONE'S SELF.

A New Orleans paper says that a German shoemaker, living on Josephine Street, between Annunciation and Chippewa streets, Fourth District, New Orleans, attempted to commit suicide lately by cutting a tremendous gash in his throat. He took the precaution to place a bar across the door to prevent being disturbed; but somehow the people around got wind of it, and crowded up to the door just after he had inflicted the wound. We learn that after he made the gash in his throat he took a bottle of wine, and, uncorking it, placed the mouth into the wound, and let the wine run in until it bubbled up and ran over, mixed with his blood. To prevent the crowd from advancing, he kept throwing at them bottles and lasts. It was some time before any one would attempt to enter, and it was not until some person present had pulled off a door for a shield, advancing behind it, that he was finally secured by throwing the door on him. He had commenced taking another bottle of wine through his artificial throat before he was knocked down. He was placed in a cart and taken to the Charity Hospital, where his wound, an ugly but not a fatal one, was attended to. This is the first case which we recollect of where a man ever acted in such a singular and unaccountable manner. Where he got the idea of pouring the wine down the wound would be hard to say. We don't think it could be beat.

BALLOON RACE IN THE WEST.

"Sporting" circles in Cincinnati are elated at the prospect of rare fun in the clouds. The great balloon race, so long talked of, is to come off on Monday, the 18th instant. The Cincinnati *Gazette* says: "The inflation of the balloons, each containing 26,000 cubic feet of gas, will commence at 9 o'clock in the morning, and the ascension will take place at 4 o'clock precisely. A committee of five well-known citizens have been chosen, who are to act as judges, etc. They will decide whether the weather in the morning shall justify the inflation of the balloons. When the inflation has commenced the aeronauts must go. Each may take up a passenger, at his own discretion. The success of either will be in relation to distance, not height. Arrangements will be made for each aeronaut to send down, at every town passed, in a parachute, a 'log,' or note, containing the name of the balloon which passes, and any incident occurring on the trip, which will be sent by telegraph, so that the citizens here and elsewhere may be continually posted of the whereabouts of the aeronauts, and the success attending their aerial flight. Monsieur Godard and Professor Stenier each expect to be up *three or four days*."

PERMANENT EMPLOYMENT.

The Brooklyn *Times* says that "there are eleven men in the service of the Messrs. Harper, the united term of whose employ is 308 years; eleven more, 226 years; a third eleven, 220 years, and a fourth eleven, 174 years. Facts so creditable both to employers and employés, deserve publication." One of the above has been in the employ of the firm for thirty-seven years.

ALL THE SOPHOMORES OF BROWN UNIVERSITY EXPELLED.

THE Providence *Tribune* says: "For years it has been the custom of the Sophomore Class of Brown University to 'smoke out Freshmen,' *i. e.*, at the commencement of each year to enter the rooms of Freshmen and smoke till they became sick, or acknowledged themselves sick of the operation. The custom was adhered to by the present Sophomore Class, who 'did the work up *Brown*.' Weeks have elapsed and nothing was said against the course pursued. Monday afternoon, however, the Sophomores, one by one, were called upon to visit the President. The following questions were asked: First, 'Were you engaged in smoking out?' Second, 'Will you sign an agreement never to engage in any thing of the kind again?' Many were enabled to say 'No,' in reply to the first question, but *all* declined to answer 'Yes' to the second. Each was, in consequence, dismissed from College. The class is united in the determination not to be fettered by the stringent regulations necessarily imposed upon them by an affirmative to the second query. And, consequently, Brown University is without a Sophomore Class—a circumstance without a parallel in the history of that institution."

A PRESENT TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

The Boston *Journal* says: "A piece of granite was exhibited at the Merchants' Exchange this morning, bearing on its surface the exact resemblance of the top part of a tree, or shrub, all the lines of the foliage being clearly and perfectly visible. It is supposed the sprig or branch of a tree accidentally fell into a crevice in the rock, which afterward, by the action of frost, closed up, and in course of time the fresh green bough became petrified into solid rock. The block of granite was found in Wolfborough, New Hampshire. It has been inclosed in a neat box bearing a suitable inscription, and is intended as a present to Queen Victoria."

HOOPS INCONSISTENT WITH SALVATION.

The *Independent* says: "The resolutions of the Miami Conference of the Church of the United Brethren, declaring the wearing of crinoline incompatible with a true Christian profession, seems to be rigidly enforced by the authorities of that denomination. At a camp-meeting of the United Brethren Church, recently held near West Baltimore, Montgomery County, Ohio, Bishop Russell forbade any one with hoops on to partake of the sacrament, affirming that they would not be welcome at the table of the Lord."

FIGHT WITH A FIERCE PIG.

The Abington *Standard* relates that, several days since, as Walter Davis, a young man in the employ of Amos S. Reed, at East Abington, was endeavoring to drive a savage boar into a pen, the ferocious animal turned upon him and drove him into a corner, near a high board fence. The boar leaped at him with the ferocity of a tiger, but was kept at bay by Davis for some ten minutes; but, finally, by a tremendous leap, the savage animal came so near that the pole was useless. As he made a spring, Davis jumped over him; but in doing so, the boar drove his tusk through a thick kip boot, and almost completely through his foot, throwing him back into the corner. Before the beast could pursue the advantage he had gained, Davis was up and running for dear life. The boar followed him to the door of the yard, striking him once above the knee, cutting a gash six inches long and an inch deep at one end. The ferocious animal was subsequently secured in his pen.

BEING JILTED A CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* says: "Some six months ago a young gentleman, boarding at the Spencer House, caught cold in his breast, producing rheumatism and such general derangement of the system that he was unable to attend to business. The rheumatism extended to every portion of his body, and he suffered intensely, being often compelled to lie in bed for several days at a time. His physicians, of whom he had the ablest, prescribed in vain, and their unfortunate patient was finally advised to go South, as the only chance of recovery.

"What added an additional pang to the young man's condition was, that he was engaged to be married to a beautiful young lady, and the day fixed for their nuptials had already passed some three weeks. It was with great effort he consented to begin his travels, and nothing less than the assurance that it was the only way to save his life would have induced him to undertake the difficult step. He would not care, the afflicted said, on his own account; but to die just as he was on the point of being united to 'Clarissa' was more than he could bear with firmness. And then, he continued, how would she support his absence? How could she be herself when he was hundreds of miles away, and liable at any moment to a fatal termination of his disease?

"At last, the patient deeming it better for his own sake and that of the lovely Clarissa, he departed, taking with him the fond remembrance of her tearfully-tender adieu. He visited the famous Hot Springs of Arkansas, the mild climate of Florida, and the genial shores of Cuba to no purpose. All the medical gentlemen with whom he consulted told him he could not live; that the most that could be done was to render him easy, and retard as long as possible his steady progress to the grave.

"Weary of physicians, attempted cures, and life itself, he came home to die, and again went to the Spencer House, thinking he would there receive from the kindly proprietors all the attention he could at any place not in every sense a home. He was carried from the boat to the hotel, and, more dead than alive, placed in the comfortable apartment he had before occupied. On the sixth day after his return he learned that his betrothed—thinking her lover could not survive, and wishing, probably, to lose no time in her connubial relations—had been married the day previous to another person, more wealthy, if less meritorious than he. All the friends of the deceived lover thought that this would prove fatal at once, in his then state of health; but instead of their anticipations being realized, in a week from the day of the reception of the unsuspected news he arose from his bed and rapidly recovered, and in less than a month was as well as ever."

A BEAR BEATEN BY A HORSE.

The Adrian *Watch Tower* tells the following story: "Bears are more numerous this season than for several years in the central counties of the State, and adventures with them are quite common. Mr. D. Cross of Fairfield, who recently visited Eaton County, related to us an affair which occurred four miles east of Eaton Rapids, which presents an example of maternal care by a mare for her colt that is rarely exhibited by the horse kind, if it was not a hair-breadth adventure. A mare with a colt by her side, was feeding in a pasture, when she was approached by three bears—an old one and two cubs nearly full grown. Alarmed for the safety of her colt, the mare forgot the usual fear of the horse for these animals, and attacked them with such vigor that they were forced to retreat. They were pursued so closely that one of them was compelled to seek safety, and remain in a tree until the owner of the mare, who had watched the whole proceedings, went to his house for a gun, returned, and shot it.

PRETTY WIDOWS MAY SHOOT CONSTABLES IN NORTH CAROLINA.

The North Carolina papers announce the acquittal, at Raleigh, last week, of Martha Morgan, a handsome young widow, aged about twenty-two years, charged with the murder of Alexander Allen, a constable in Johnson County. A writer to the Petersburg *Express* says: "Martha Morgan, the prisoner, was indigent, but proverbially honest. Through her own exertions and the kindness of a few neighbors she supported her little family. Some months since, Allen, the constable, forcibly entered her abode and levied on the effects of her scanty household, for the purpose of selling the same. She remonstrated and importuned him to desist. Regardless of her entreaties, he persisted in taking possession of her furniture, and added insult to injury by heaping upon her a volley of abuse. Being without a protector, and feeling deeply aggrieved, in a moment of frenzy she seized a shot-gun and shot her persecutor down. The jury having come into court, rendered a verdict of 'Not Guilty!' The result was received by an immense concourse of visitors by one universal outburst of applause."

LETTING THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG.

At Portland, Maine, a cute Yankee advertised a lecture on the "Humbug of Spiritualism," the point of which would be "letting the cat out of the bag;" admission, five cents only. A large audience gathered at the City Hall on Wednesday evening, and the lecturer, after a few words on the nature of humbug, took from beneath his desk a bag, which he promptly opened, and out *sprang a veritable cat!* The audience, fortunately for the lecturer, relished the joke, and amidst the burst of applause that followed he let himself out of the lecture-room.

THE COMING PRIZE-FIGHT.

The Albany *Knickerbocker* says the fight between Morrissey and Heenan comes off on 20th inst. A party from Albany intend to be present. To complete arrangements they had a meeting to talk over matters. One gentleman, just returned from New York, informed the meeting that he had an interview with Joe Coburn on Tuesday, and learned from him the reason he gave up training the Benicia Boy was that he struck such tremendous blows that he would as soon act as groom to a trip-hammer. Coburn allows that Heenan will break Morrissey's neck in the third round, and thus finish up the fight in eight minutes. Coburn says only one thing can cause the Benicia Boy to lose the battle, and that is "too much confidence or too little pluck." He has the power and science, he says, to whip a regiment of ordinary men, and all before breakfast. From all this it will be seen that Coburn has a very exalted opinion of Heenan. Should the Benicia Boy whip Morrissey, we understand that Aaron Jones will take him to England for the purpose of fighting Tom Sayres, the champion. Jones, like Coburn, insists that Heenan is the strongest fighter in the world, and could, if he pleased, whip a yard full of wild cats.

PERSONAL.

The Charleston *Mercury* has the following: "John Ashe Alston died last Friday on Sullivan's Island, after a short illness, from bilious fever. Mr. Alston was one of the few men in our community who are men of leisure, and yet men of usefulness. He cultivated and enjoyed society, at the same time that he was active in all public enterprises looking to the improvement and refinement of life. He was a relative of the late Washington Alston, and possessed the refined tastes of his illustrious kinsman. He was largely instrumental in getting up the Frazer Gallery, and to him, more than to any other, must be attributed the existence of the Carolina Art Association, which was so successfully organized in our city during the last winter. Our society, our city, and our State have sustained a loss in the departure from among us of this just model of a Carolina gentleman."

The Providence *Journal* says: "Mr. Palfrey has been prosecuting his researches in this city amidst the abundant evidences, of the character of Roger Williams, as attested by friends and enemies, by those who praised him for the doctrine and practice of soul-liberty and those who made it an offense against God and man, by his contemporaries and by posterity. There has arisen lately a morbid disposition on the part of some historical students to reverse the opinions of the world upon its great men, and to seek, among all the disadvantages of time and distance and imperfect records, for evidence to contradict the settled convictions that were established in presence of all the facts and circumstances, and by those who had, in every respect, the best opportunities for forming a judgment upon them."

Hon. Jefferson Davis and a small party of aldermen and scientific men went down Boston harbor in a steamboat excursion, at the invitation of the Mayor. After examining Minot's Ledge Light-house they proceeded to Marshfield, and thence were taken in stages to the Webster Place. The party dined in the Mansion House, and in reply to a toast, Mr. Davis made an extended speech, concluded with personal allusions to Daniel Webster, suggested by the visit to his tomb.

The Hon. Benjamin F. Butler, formerly Attorney-General of the United States, is about to give himself a vacation from his professional labors, which have been so arduous as somewhat to impair his health, by a visit to Europe. He sailed on Saturday with his two youngest daughters, in the steamer *Arago* for Havre, intending to pass a year or two abroad. Mr. Butler, one of the most virtuous and disinterested of our distinguished public men, will be followed in his departure by the kind wishes of thousands of his countrymen.

Washington Irving is again reported to be seriously ill.

Colonel Kinney informs the San Antonio (Texas) *Herald* that he has concluded his negotiation with the Mormons for the sale of his interest in Central America, and has received an earnest of $200,000 as part of the purchase-money. He is to receive $2,000,000. He was in San Antonio on the 29th ult., on his way to Austin. The *Herald* says:

"Some of our prominent citizens have requested Colonel Kinney to permit his name to be put before the people for the next gubernatorial election. This he declines, saying that his private business in this State and in Central America will require his undivided attention."

The Boston *Traveller* learns that young Sidney Coolidge, of Boston, has reached Charleston, South Carolina, having made his escape from a Mexican prison. Coolidge, who went out to Mexico as an engineer, joined one of the revolutionary parties in that country, and was captured in one of the encounters of late so frequent there.

Among the passengers by the *North Star* who arrived here on Friday were Mademoiselle Piccolomini, and her suite of ten persons, together with the members of her Majesty's Opera Company, engaged by Mr. Ullman. Mademoiselle Piccolomini has taken rooms at the Union Place Hotel, where her presence has excited quite a sensation.

Lieutenant Wise, of the navy, well known as the author of "Los Gringos" and other popular books of travel, has been for some time at Baden Baden for the benefit of his health, which had been dangerously impaired by an accident at the Washington Navy Yard a few months since. By the arrival of the *North Star*, however, his friends are apprised of a most encouraging improvement in his bodily condition. Lieutenant Wise is a nephew of Governor Wise, of Virginia, whose name he bears, and the son-in-law of Edward Everett.

A correspondent of the Vicksburg *True Southron*, writing from Livingston, Madison County, Mississippi, on the 28th ult., says that within a mile of his house resides the grand-niece of Oliver Cromwell. This lady is

Mrs. Anna Maria Lowe, widow of Fegures Lowe. Her maiden name was Crowell, and she came from North Carolina to Madison County with her late husband. Her father, John Crowell, was the son of John Crowell, or Cromwell, the brother of Oliver Cromwell.

Benjamin Paul Akers, the sculptor, has returned from Rome, after an absence of four years, and taken up his residence at Newport. He brought fifteen pieces of marble with him, and many other works.

Governor Banks and lady attended the parade and ball of that ancient Boston Institution, the "Honorable Artillery," at Barnstable, last week. Mrs. Banks wore a rich ball costume, and danced several cotillions with much spirit and grace of movement. Mr. Banks contented himself with dancing one quadrille, amusing himself chiefly by conversing with the citizens of Barnstable about the weather and the crops.

The Jesup and Pendleton difficulty is settled. Senator Gwin and Mr. Sam Chilton publish a card in the Washington *Star* announcing that important fact. The belligerents have had an interview and have shaken hands.

The Wheeling correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun* says: "I have just read a letter from Edwin Forrest to a gentleman at the hotel, wherein he says, most emphatically, that he will never appear as an actor again."

The *Evening Post* has the following: "A ROYAL TRIO.—The Queen of Portugal is—pretty well, thank you.

Likewise Queen Victoria.

Likewise the Empress Eugénie.

Bayard Taylor is expected by the next Hamburg and Southampton steamer. Mrs. Taylor was successfully delivered of a daughter at Gotha, on Tuesday, August 3d.

The St. Paul *Pioneer and Democrat* of the 8th instant says:

"Senator Fitch, of Indiana, accompanied by two or three friends and guides, left this city a few weeks since to enjoy a buffalo hunt on the Cheyenne River, where buffalo are reported very plenty. The Senator and his friends were well provided with animals, provisions, guns, and ammunition. It is now reported in this city, on good authority, that the hunting party had been set upon by a band of Yankton Indians, who, to punish them for trespassing upon their lands, took forcible possession of the guns belonging to the hunters, maltreated and mutilated their horses, and cautioned the Senator to cease his slaughter of buffalo and leave the country. Dr. Fitch and his friends left immediately for Fort Abercrombie."

One James Thorp, a colored individual, and also a teamster in Newark, has fallen upon pleasant lines. A gentleman appeared in that part of Jersey, last week, on a mission to discover a James Thorp, who was entitled to an estate of $75,000, left by a planter in North Carolina. The teamster turns out to be the man. He was born on the estate, but was sent north to be educated, had his schooling at Norristown, Pennsylvania, is married, and is said to be industrious and worthy.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE LATEST FROM THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

LETTERS from Valentia report that no improvement had taken place in the electrical condition of the Atlantic cable. The fault, however, did not get worse, for occasionally considerable and distinct reversals from Newfoundland were discernible. The opinion that the principal fault in the cable is near the shore daily gained ground, although Professor Thomson's opinion was directly opposed to such a supposition. It was supposed that something would be done toward under-running and repairing the cable during October, which is generally a fine month on the Irish coast. Mr. Henley's gigantic magneto-electric machine had arrived at Valentia, and been put in operation, and with the aid of this instrument Mr. Henley hoped to be able to work through the cable during some part of each day, even if the fault should prove irreparable. It was the unanimous opinion of nearly all at Valentia that the laying of ten or twelve miles of the thick shore-end of the cable would tend permanently to obviate a great many of the difficulties with which the electrical department of the undertaking has been interrupted. Beyond the continuance of experiments, nothing was to be done with the cable until the preconcerted experiments at both termini of the line had been made. They had been fixed to take place early in October, and would, it was expected, demonstrate the possibility or impossibility of working the line in its present defective condition.

HOOPS DENOUNCED AT A BIBLE MEETING.

At the annual meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society, held at the Town Hall, Kingsbridge, the Rev. H. Marriot said he was sorry to be obliged to speak of the ridiculous fashions of the present day, especially among the ladies. All their time and energies seem devoted to that one purpose of decorating their frail bodies that would soon require nothing but a winding-sheet. He regretted the extreme folly of the English women that prompted them to copy the dress of the French Empress. In alluding to bonnets, he said that the Scriptures told them that long hair was given to women for an ornament, but that the head ought to be covered. This, however, according to the present fashion, they appeared to have entirely forgotten, as they now wore no covering for the head. He hoped that his hints would be acted upon. If they could only hear what the men said of present fashions behind their backs, they would abandon them. The ladies present appeared to be very indignant at these remarks, but there was a slight applause from the gentlemen. The Rev. S. Lampen said he could not agree with Mr. Marriot that the energies of the ladies were entirely devoted to dress, as they were always first and foremost in carrying out good objects, and were it not for their invaluable assistance the Bible Society and other good societies would soon disappear.

CURIOSITIES OF ROYAL ETIQUETTE.

Among the curiosities of royal life it may be worth while to state that, though the Mayor of Leeds gave up his mansion to the Queen, and spent £10,000 in entertaining her, his lady was not allowed to dine with her, or even to see her. The Mayor himself had commenced his dinner with a neighbor, when he was commanded to dine with the Queen; but the lady was not admitted to her own house to sit at her own table.

HOW THE QUEEN LIVES AT BALMORAL.

A correspondent of the *North British Mail* says: "Her Majesty is constantly driving about Balmoral in a light phaeton, without any attendant, visiting high and low, rich and poor. We had pointed out to us, on a recent visit, the residence of her Majesty's weaver, where all her Balmoral tartans are made—a small cottage on the roadside. At the weaver's her Majesty makes repeated calls, and his tartans are highly prized as the only true Balmoral tartan. We had also a snuff out of John Blair's—'the Queen's fiddler'—box, as the coach stopped at Crathie. We got to Ballater on Sunday morning, and drove to Crathie Church, and having got a hint to enter by the east end, we did so, and got seats without difficulty opposite her Majesty's seat. Her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and two ladies came in and took their seats without any ceremony, observing closely the Presbyterian form of worship during divine service; and but for the knowledge that the Queen was present we could see no difference. Her Majesty had no attendant with her but the postillion when she came or on leaving the church."

A SAFE TO HOLD FRAZER RIVER GOLD.

The *Builder* says that a large iron fire-proof strong-room has just been supplied by Messrs. Chubb & Son to the Bank of British North America, and shipped to Vancouver's Island. The room is seven feet high, and nine feet four inches deep, and seven feet wide, and is constructed entirely of wrought iron, and lined with fire-resisting materials. The interior is fitted with nineteen separate and distinct lock-up safes, besides shelving for books and papers, and the exterior is secured by two large folding-doors, having three detector locks, throwing twenty bolts all round. The room was shipped in parts, and will be fastened together from the interior on arrival at its destination. The total weight is thirteen tons and three-quarters of a cwt.

ANOTHER FLYING MACHINE.

Lord Carlingford, in a letter, announces to the public that he has "clearly established the principle of aerial navigation;" that the aerhedon, or aerial chariot, in the construction of which his lordship has spent several years, "having flown, and proved the perfection of its principle, and of the manner in which it has been carried out, it is now a question of forming a company for the purpose of bringing it forward, and then for the whole world to witness, at last, the long-sought-for discovery, advancing civilization, and administering to the happiness and prosperity of nations.

A PIQUANT DIARY COMING OUT.

The *Critic* assures us that, "among other rumors flying about 'the Row,' a literary curiosity is forthcoming which is likely to be the cause of some gossip, if not scandal. It is a copy of a private journal kept by the celebrated Catherine the Second for her own amusement and reference. The text of this singular document is in French, and, as might be expected, much of its contents is not of a kind usually brought within the reach of either ears or eyes polite. Forewarned is, however, forearmed, and those whose sensibilities are of a very finely-strung character will give the secrets of this modern Messalina a wide berth. This, however, is but one of the characteristics of this remarkable document, and that not the most important one, for the journal also contains revelations respecting the Russian royal family, and its allies, congeneric and political, and hints of the imperial policy, such as can be found in no other quarter. For the satisfaction of those who may very naturally be skeptical as to the authenticity of these secret memoirs, we may state that the document has been submitted to very competent authority, and has been pronounced to be thoroughly genuine."

A WONDERFUL WOMAN.

The *Northern Ensign* says: "There is now living at Leirboll, in Kildonan Strath, a woman who may well be regarded as a living wonder. Her name is Widow William Sunderland, and she has reached the great age of 104 years. What is still more remarkable, she continues to enjoy the most wonderful health and use of her faculties; can relate circumstances that transpired ninety-six years ago; and, in appearance, more resembles a woman of the age of 65 years than one exceeding 100. About a fortnight ago she was for two days engaged with the reapers in cutting down the crop of Mr. M'Kay, Old Glebe of Kildonan. She is straight as a young girl, is very spirited, and her lively, dark brown eye and intelligent countenance can not fail to astonish all who see her. She travels to Helmsdale, a distance of thirteen miles, almost every quarter, and feels little exhausted."

FRANCE.

HOPES OF NEW HEIRS TO THE THRONE.

It is whispered that the Empress Eugénie is again in a condition to afford hopes that the Imperial dynasty of France may cease in due course to hang on the single life of the young prince.

NEW WORKS OF FORTIFICATION.

All the French ports on the Atlantic are to be put in a state of defense. 150,000,000 francs have been allocated for the fortification of the port of Havre, of which the merchants of Havre are to provide 70,000,000; 17,000,000 francs are to be devoted to the defense of Dunkirk; 7,000,000 to Dieppe, and 1,800,000 to Fécamp. Similar works are to be executed at Calais and Boulogne, and a port of refuge is to be constructed between Brest and Cherbourg.

CONGRESS OF ROTHSCHILDS AT PARIS.

A correspondent of the *Nord* says that all the chiefs of the Rothschild's house—including members from London, Vienna, Frankfort, and Naples—are just now assembled at Paris, forming quite a congress of financial powers.

MORPHY PLAYING BLINDFOLD IN PARIS.

The *London News* says: "The extraordinary feat of playing eight games at the same time without seeing the board, was performed on Monday, at the Café de la Regence, by Mr. Morphy, the young American player. The portion of the Café de la Regence more particularly appropriated to the use of chess amateurs was open as usual to the public, and in it sat the eight gentlemen who consented to be Mr. Morphy's antagonists. The other part of the Café further on, and in which two billiard tables are placed, was appointed to the use of the blindfold player, who sat at the end, with his back to the public.

"A certain line was marked out, beyond which only two gentlemen could pass, M. Journoud and M. Arnous de Riviere, who had undertaken to announce the moves on both sides. The latter gentleman officiated for the four first players, MM. Baucher, Bierwith, Bornemann, and Guibert, and the former for the last four, MM. Lequesne, Potier, Preti, and Seguin. At half past 12, the combatants having taken their places, in the presence of about 250 lovers of the noble game, the play commenced by Mr. Morphy taking the move, and signifying that in every one of the eight cases he played KP2. Some of his opponents replied by the similar move, while others played differently, so as to lead to what is called irregular openings.

"The play went on without interruption for not less than ten hours, during which time Mr. Morphy never took the slightest refreshment. The definitive result was that the blindfold player won six of the games, and drew two, his opponents being vanquished in the following order: MM. Petri (after seven hours and a half), Potier, Baucher, Bornemann, Bierwith, and Seguin (at half past 10). The two players who succeeded in drawing their games were MM. Luquesne and Guibert. At the end of this wonderful exhibition Mr. Morphy did not appear much fatigued."

WHY LADIES PAINT.

M. Theophile Gautier has just published, in Paris, a cleverly written treatise, called "La Mode," forming a little book about five or six inches square, containing only just thirty-three pages, each page being of only a dozen lines coquettishly framed in wide white margins, and bordered by one small streak of red. In this little volume M. Gautier raises his voice in favor of paint! "With the instinct of harmony which characterizes them, women," observes he, "have felt that between their dazzling conventional dress, between *la grand toilette* and their own plain beauty of face and feature (unassisted), there was a dissonance—the whitish skin looking grayish by the side of their shining moires and satins; they have done as painters do in order to harmonize the various shades of complexion and draperies; they have undertaken to whiten the skin nature gave them, till it should be in keeping with the masses of rich white stuffs whereby they enshroud their persons." When once this necessity of applying white to the female skin has been admitted, the rest follows: the white is too white—a tinge of rose-color on the cheeks relieves it, and a delicate streak of black under the eye-lashes gives brilliancy to the eye; and in this wise we are brought to the apology of paint.

HIGH RENTS IN PARIS.

A letter from Paris says: "Landlords are demanding a price for apartments which neither the middle nor the lower classes can pay. Gradually since 1848 the prices of apartments in Paris have nearly doubled. The value of a thing, we are told, is what it will fetch; and if landlords find their property doubled in value, and get paid accordingly, of course they, like the rest of the world, avail themselves of the market price. Time alone can correct the universally-complained-of evil—the high price of apartments. I am told there are no less than 20,000 apartments to let in and about the city of Paris. And yet you can not rent half a dozen rooms on the fourth or fifth floor of a respectable hotel for less than £100 per annum; £1000 and £1500 is the common price of an ordinary first or second floor of a good house in a respectable quarter. Of this class of apartments there are numbers to let. The fact is, hundreds of humbler dwellings have been pulled down during the last four or five years, and replaced by magnificent hotels, built at a great cost, magnificently decorated from top to bottom, inside and out. Now, the class of people who can afford to pay the rent demanded for such apartments is of necessity limited, and that is why so many are unoccupied. The mania is for building magnificent hotels, while no accommodation is provided for people who form an immense class in Paris—viz., those who can not afford to pay more than £50 or £80 per annum for house-rent. Another class, the workmen, are equally sufferers. They pay £10 a year for a wretched room immediately under the very roof of a house, where they are exposed to the extremes of heat and cold. They complain bitterly against landlords, and openly talk about a day of retribution. I believe, in case of a revolution in Paris, the first impulse would be to hang the landlords."

A RELIC OF THE LAST CENTURY.

In an old house in the Rue Thevenot there has lived for many years a very remarkable person—the dressmaker of the Countess du Barry, once the famous mistress of Louis XV. This aged lady, born in 1757, worked for the Countess up to 1793, when the ill-starred favorite went on her last walk to the scaffold. She lives in good circumstances, having an income of 15,000 francs. Of fourteen children to whom she gave birth, three only are living, the youngest of whom is seventy-five years old. Her diet is very simple, consisting of two meals a day, with only water for drink. In February, 1848, at the outbreak of the Revolution, she had chairs and tables placed in the yard of her house, and entertained the insurgents and all who would be her guests. On being asked why she did so, she answered, "Ça me rajeunit joliment, ça me rappelle 1789." M. Bataille, a friend of the old lady, is about to publish her biography in one of the weekly Paris journals.

ANOTHER RED REPUBLICAN IN FAVOR.

A Paris correspondent of the *Daily News*, writing on Wednesday, the 29th, says: "I yesterday heard an anecdote of which I can vouch for the truth, and which proves—as, indeed, we already know—that the *fortiter in re* occasionally gives place here to the *suaviter in modo*. Some of your readers, whose memories go back to the days of the *coup d'état*, may remember the name of M. Hervé. He was a republican of the reddest complexion, an associate of Prudhon and men of that stamp. He was among those marked out for the present little marine excursion to Cayenne, but fortunately escaped that fate, being merely put out of harm's way in some native prison. It is not necessary to trouble you with this gentleman's biography up to the present time, nor to dilate further upon his individuality than to say that he is considered by his friends to be a man of no particular ability; in short, in point of talent, is a man of decent mediocrity, and no more. Some ten days or a fortnight ago M. Hervé received from the Prince Minister of Algeria and the Colonies a letter, which ran somewhat as follows: 'Sir,—being desirous of surrounding my ministry with all that is most distinguished in point of ability, and my attention having been directed to you, I beg to offer you the situation of —— [naming a place of considerable importance]. The salary is only 6000 francs a year, a sum which I consider wholly unworthy of your acceptance. I shall, therefore, from my own private purse, add the like amount, making the salary which I offer you 12,000f. Awaiting your reply,' etc., signed by the Prince himself. The following day the Prince Minister received an answer from M. Hervé to this intent: 'Monseigneur,—I am penetrated with the compliment contained in your offer, etc. But, as before returning a definite answer I must consult the republican committee, of which I am president, I request that your Imperial Highness will allow me two days for that purpose,' etc., signed by M. Hervé. The two days having elapsed, the Prince received a second letter, informing him that M. Hervé having laid his Imperial Highness's offer before his committee, and having taken the opinion of that body on the matter, was graciously pleased to accept the offer of the situation, and only awaited his Imperial Highness's commands to enter upon his functions. He further stated that he wrote his acceptance from the committee, which was then sitting. To this the Prince immediately replied that M. Hervé would greatly oblige him by presenting to him on a certain day the entire committee in question at his villa in the Avenue Montagne, when he should be happy to discuss matters in general with the members, and perhaps a little republicanism in particular."

HOW TELEGRAPH SECRETS ARE KEPT IN FRANCE.

The Paris correspondent of the *Globe* says: "It may be interesting to telegram transmitters in France to know that their private affairs are duly communicated to the Minister of the Interior, and that special functionaries are employed in selecting from the various interesting dispatches messages of love, of mourning, of business, or of despair, to amuse the leisure moments of the Government official. Having had occasion of late to use this beneficent gift of science somewhat extensively, I was curious to observe that copies of each telegram were taken before transmission. On inquiry, I find that no less than four transcripts are made for various departments, and of course the ostensible object is to put Government in possession of possible or constructive treason. But how is this end to be obtained? When Thompson sends word to 'look after his carpet-bag, and transmit it by the next train,' how is the solemn official to know that the 'carpet-bag' may not mean an Orsini bomb in the conventional slang of conspiracy? I merely notice the fact to exhibit the uneasiness of Continental power, and the folly of its prophylactic expedients."

NEGRO PRINCES AT PARIS.

Three young negroes, sons of petty kings in the district of Senegal, were, about a year ago, sent from St. Louis to the college at Algiers, where they were placed at the expense of the French Government. They already speak French perfectly, and are quite accustomed to French usages. Having recently been brought up to Paris, they were presented to Prince Napoleon, and his Imperial Highness, three days ago, entertained them at dinner. They conducted themselves extremely well, and replied to all questions with a tact and good sense which occasioned surprise. They are named Nafé, Macran, and Coury. The first, the eldest, is delicate and of low stature, but he is the most intelligent. Macran, fourteen years of age, writes French tolerably well; he talks less than the other two, but is gay, and sometimes smiles sarcastically at what his companions say. Coury, not quite twelve, is tall and strong, is good-natured, but rather melancholy. He says, "Nafé is the best instructed of the three, but Macran is the wisest." The little fellows, notwithstanding their youth, display great tact in avoiding direct replies to certain questions. "Of what religion are you?" asked the Prince to Macran. "We are not Mussulmans," was the reply. "What, then, is your religion?" asked the Prince, turning to Nafé, the most learned of the three. "If French missionaries were sent to our country, we should all be Christians," was the answer. The fact is that they are idolaters; though, from mixing with Mussulmans and Christians at Algiers, they have begun to lose their faith in the paternal idols.

PRUSSIA.

WHY THE KING OF PRUSSIA DOESN'T ABDICATE.

It appears that the delay which has occurred relative to the regency question in Prussia has been caused, almost solely, by pecuniary considerations. Prussia, unlike England and most other monarchies, furnishes no civil list to the sovereign. The personal expenses of the Crown are defrayed by revenues arising from the entailed estates of the head of the state for the time being. From this source the Prince of Prussia receives about £30,000 a year; but as this is not sufficient for the requirements of the Prussian Court, a new arrangement is sought, and before occupying the office of regent, the Prince of Prussia desires the transfer to himself of the Crown domains. But the consort of the incapacitated sovereign is opposed to this transfer, and hence the delay. A letter from Berlin, alluding to this subject, says: "The Queen can not be induced to agree to such an arrangement, which would transfer the disposal of those revenues to another, and leave her husband and herself virtually at the mercy of her brother-in-law, and dependent upon his generosity for the amount of the annual income." Kings and queens are proverbial for taking care of themselves, and the present instance is not an exception to the rule. One would suppose that the imbecile sovereign and his wife would not require a large expenditure; but the sense of dependence appears to be quite as grating to royal personages as to those in the ordinary relations of life.

AUSTRIA.

A SPECIMEN OF RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

Here is a specimen of religious liberty in Austria. A countryman in the neighborhood of Mariazell met a procession of pilgrims on their way there, and neglected to take off his hat while it passed. This is an offense under the new concordat, and the delinquent has been accordingly tried for it by the landguericht at Vienna. He was sentenced to a fortnight's imprisonment with hard labor.

ITALY.

A PRIEST CATCHES SIX BRIGANDS.

The *Opinione* of Turin has the following story: "The parish priest of Varostica was called up a few nights ago to administer the sacrament to a dying person; and as he was returning home, accompanied by two villagers, he perceived, to his surprise, a light in a cottage. Having, with his companions, entered the house, they were astonished to perceive the occupier of it, his wife, and daughter, hanging by the neck to a beam of the ceiling. They cut them down, and found that the man and the woman were dead, but that the girl, though senseless, was still alive, and they succeeded in restoring her to consciousness. She then stated that a number of brigands, headed by the servant of the priest himself, had forced their way into the house, broken open all the drawers and closets, possessed themselves of every thing of value, and then hanged her parents and herself. The priest, full of horror, went home with the two men, and ordered his servant to go into the cellar for wine. The man made some objection, but the priest having insisted, down he went, and the priest locked him in. He then rang the tocsin, and nearly all the inhabitants of the village having assembled, he caused the cellar to be entered. There were found there, including the servant, six bandits, with booty which they had taken from the peasants' house. All the six were immediately secured."

AFRICA.

ANDERSSEN TURNED UP AGAIN.

Intelligence has been received from Mr. Charles Anderssen, author of *Lake Ngami*, who has undertaken to explore the Ovampo country in the direction of the River Cunené. It appears that after successfully prosecuting several hundred miles of his journey, he was compelled to return, owing to the scarcity of water and the duplicity of his guides.

CUBA.

THE EXPLOSION AT HAVANA.

The New Orleans *Picayune* of the 7th instant has the following particulars of the late disaster in Havana:

"On the 29th ult., at half past four P.M., the Naval Magazine at Havana, situated at the head of the harbor, containing over one hundred and fifty thousand pounds of gunpowder, several hundred loaded shells, together with a large quantity of rockets, fire-works, etc., exploded. The shock and effect, as described by the residents of the city, were truly awful.

"Thus far, there had been found in the ruins and about the ground, 23 dead bodies and 165 wounded—four of whom died shortly after being removed to the Hospital.

"For some moments the air was filled with all descriptions of destructive missiles, and stones, shells, etc., were projected a long distance from the building and into the bay.

"No damage was done to the vessels at anchor. The dead bodies of three coolies were blown through the air to the slope of Fort Atares, nearly a quarter of a mile off.

"There were upward of 300 persons employed on the new sugar warehouses, in the immediate vicinity of the disaster, mostly coolies, and among them the loss of life and limb appears to have been the greatest. At the military guard of the magazine, consisting of a sergeant and sixteen men, only four remained. Many bodies were no doubt yet under the ruins and in the waters of the harbor.

"The destruction of the fine pile of sugar warehouses, some twenty buildings, several of which were finished, and the others in course of construction, was complete. Nothing now remains but a mass of stones and rubbish. The concussion was so great as to destroy the gas-meters, rendering the gas-works for the present entirely useless; and it will require at least three months before the city can be lighted. Every residence is more or less affected by the shock; several buildings sustained great damage.

"Among the number were the residence of Don Domingo Aldama, fronting the military parade ground; the house of Don José Maria Bonelly; and the edifice of the Royal Economical Society."

A CUBAN ROMANCE.

A letter from Havana says: "Some time ago a young Cuban of this city went to New York, where he gave himself up to the enjoyment of 'life.' In the course of his peregrinations he met a handsome young girl, whose name was Kate Joy. It was not long before he made love to her, and she reciprocated. Rumor says that their relations were more intimate than good morals would permit; but on her part, at least, it appeared that they were all in good faith, and predicated upon an intended partnership for life—for better or for worse. Alas, for poor Kate! It has been all worse and no better for her, and her Joy, which was only in name, departed forever. Her lover returned to Cuba, ostensibly to attend to some business, but I much fear with no intention to return and redeem his promise of marrying her. For a while they corresponded faithfully, and every steamer carried the most ardent amatory epistles to one or the other of the lovers. At last no more letters came from here. Poor Kate sorrowed and sorrowed, and wrote, and waited, and watched in vain. There was no letter, no message—nothing from him her heart adored. So a few weeks ago she resolved to come to Havana herself, and see what had befallen her lord. When she arrived here she sought out his family; but inquiring with trembling anxiety for him, found that he had been dead for two months, and was then quietly sleeping in the cemetery. The blow broke her heart, and she determined to leave this world to join her betrothed in another. So she took a dose of opium, and was discovered one morning dead in her bed. A dagger, a box of opium, several miniatures, and a bundle of love-letters were found among her effects, which have been taken charge of by the authorities."

MEXICO.

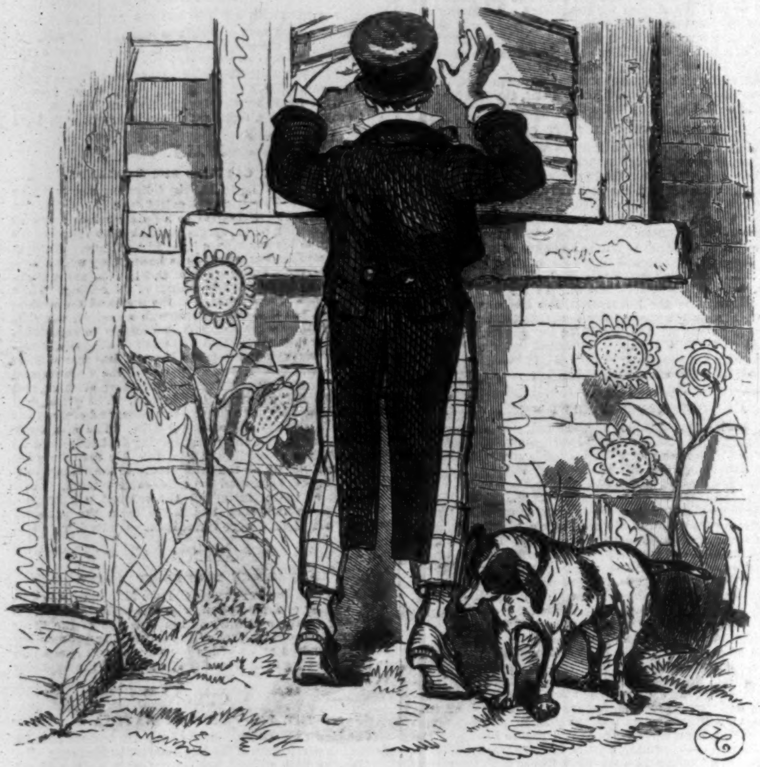
A BAND OF ROBBERS PUNISHED.

Some Americans have been shooting robbers in Mexico. One of them, in describing the scene, says:

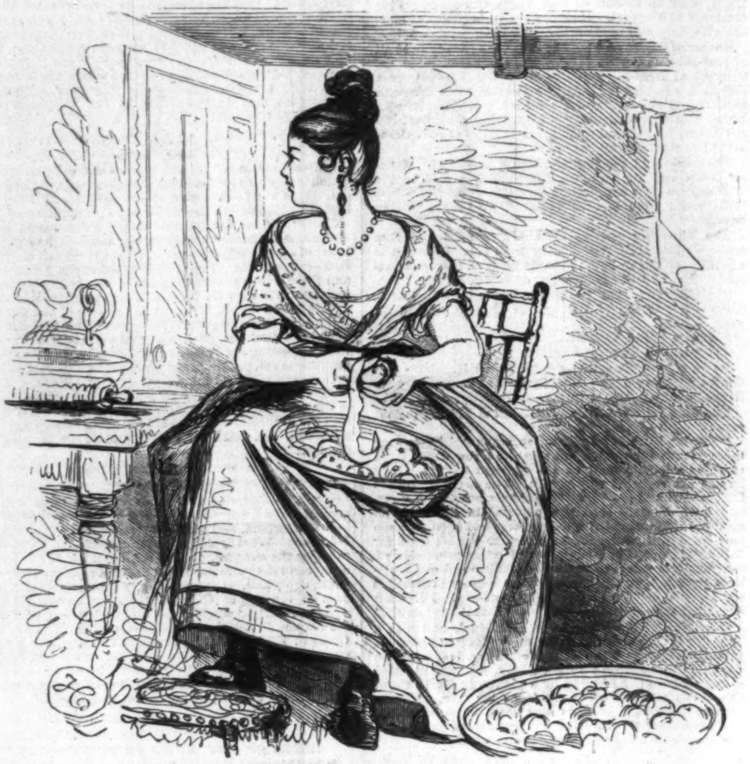
"It may be some gratification to Mr. Hargous to know that these ladrones were the same that, a few weeks before, had politely invited him to take off his shoes, coat, etc., while on his way to the city of Mexico, and probably made him lie in the dirt, face foremost, while they sacked the baggage in the stage-coach. One, who was literally torn to pieces by ball and buckshot, when drawn from the baranco and laid on the roadside, seemed to have on a pair of English or American shoes, and it was suggested that they might be those of Mr. Hargous. There were seven of the engineers inside the coach, with every thing prepared for an attack, and two on top. They had two double-barreled guns loaded with buckshot, one Sharp's rifle, and eleven Colt's revolvers. Immediately on the robbers presenting themselves, the two engineers on top let off their long arms, while a broadside was poured forth from inside the coach. It was the 16th of September—a sad Independence Day for the ladrones. None of those in the coach were injured, though one ball fired by the robbers passed through it, most providentially without hitting any one, and another shot passed just over the heads of those on top.

"The engineers in the coach at the time were Colonel Talcott and son, M. E. Lyons, A. B. Gray, Messrs. Radrich, Wolff, Thompson, Eastman, and Flinn. One robber was taken prisoner, and a two-thirds vote would have hung him, but the Chief Engineer, Colonel Talcott, prevented it, and he was let off. Their arms, etc., were turned over to the Alcalde of the nearest town—Accatcingo."

THE COURTIN'.—[BY PROFESSOR J. RUSSELL LOWELL.]



"ZEKLE CREP' UP, QUITE UNBEKNOWN,
AN' PEEKED IN THRU THE WINDER."



"SHE HEERD A FOOT, AN' KNOWED IT, TU,
A RASPIN' ON THE SCRAPER."

ZEKLE crep' up, quite unbeknown,
An' peeked in thru the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
'Ith no one nigh to hender.

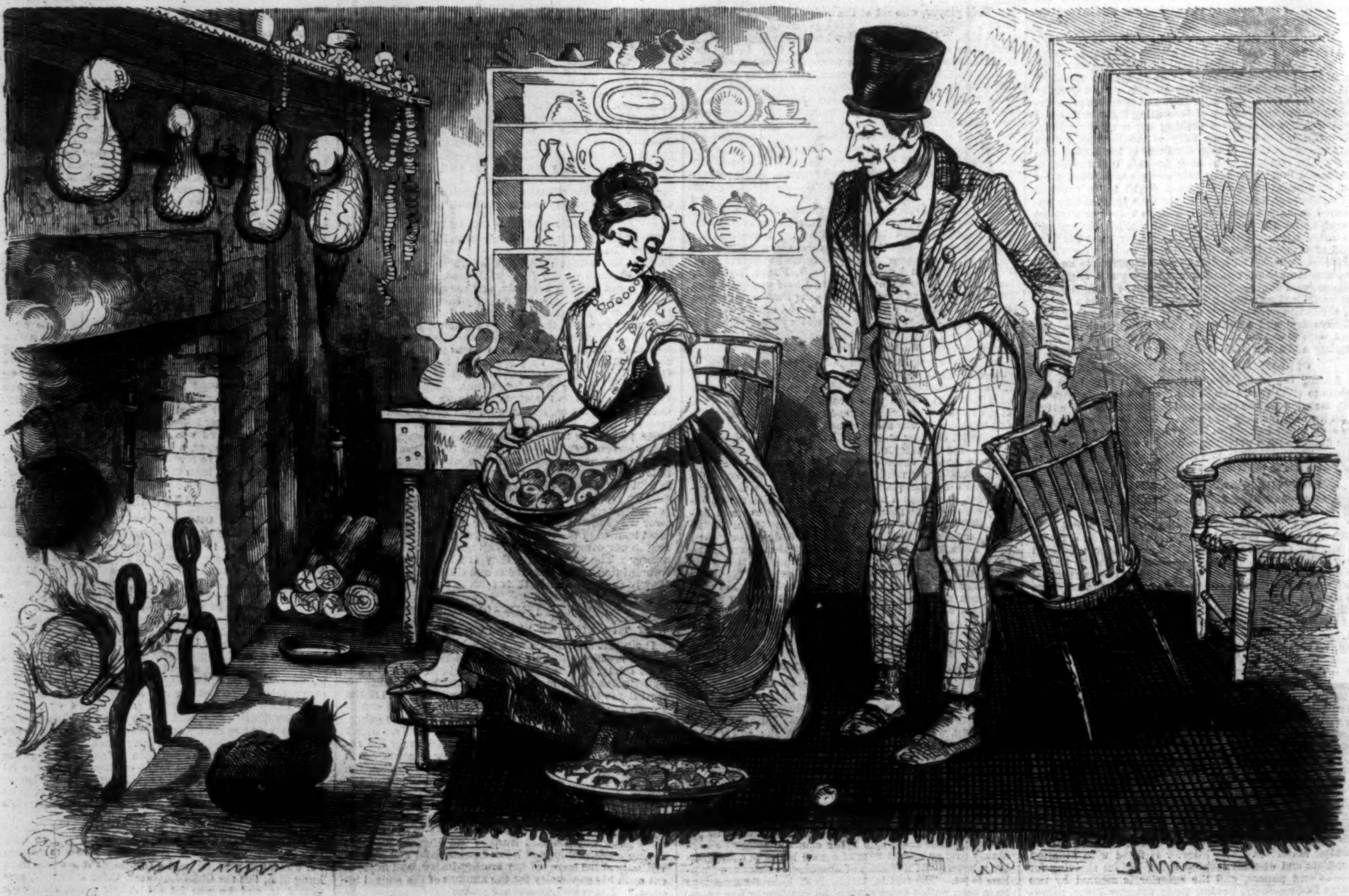
Agin' the chimbly crooknecks hung,
An' in among 'em rusted
The old queen's arm that gran'ther Young
Fetched back from Concord busted.

The wannut logs shot sparkles out
Toward the pootiest, bless her!
An' leetle fires danced all about
The chiny on the dresser.

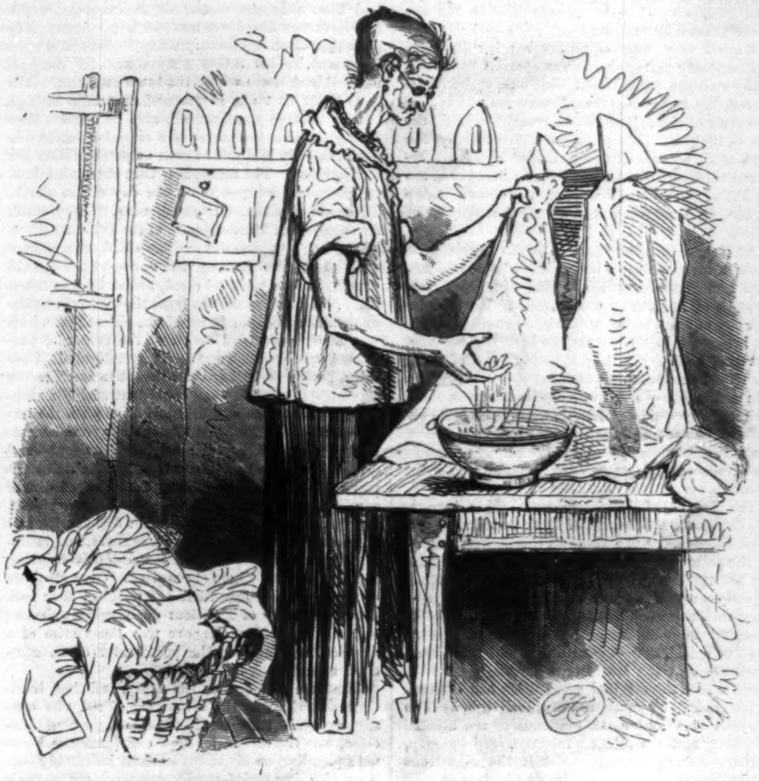
The very room, coz she wuz in,
Looked warm frum floor to ceilin';
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
Ez th' apples she wuz peelin'.

She heerd a foot, an' knowed it, tu,
A raspin' on the scraper—
All ways to once her feelin's flew,
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

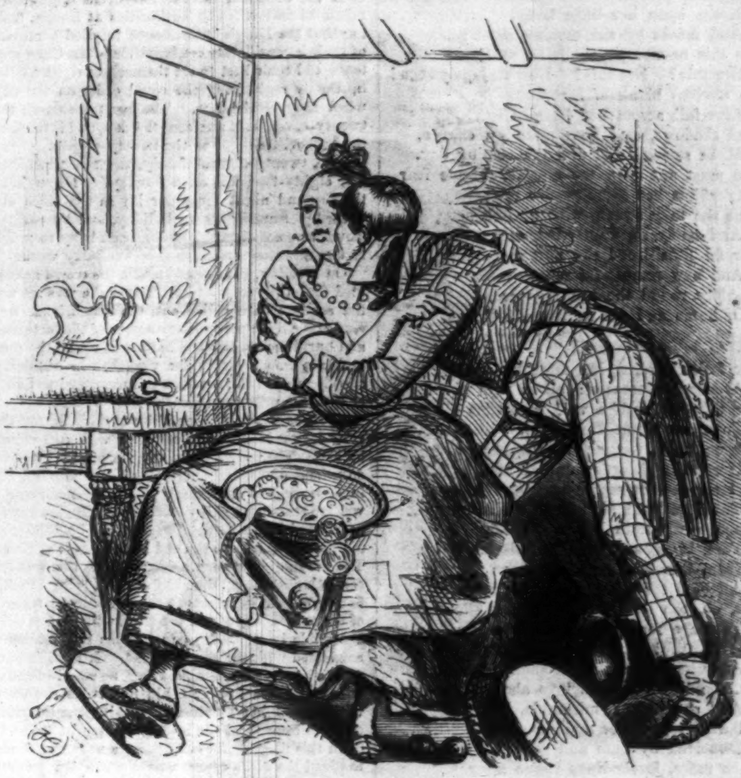
He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
Some doubtfle o' the seekle;
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
But hern went pity Zekle.



"YOU WANT TO SEE MY PA, I 'SPOSE?"
"WA'AL, NO; I COME DESIGNIN'—"



"TO SEE MY MA? SHE'S SPRINKLIN' CLO'ES AGIN' TO-MORROW'S I'NIN'."



"THE LAST WORDS PRICKED HIM LIKE A PIN, AN'—WA'AL, HE UP AND KIST HER."

An' yet she gin her cheer a jerk
Ez though she wished him furder,
An' on her apples kep' to work
Ez ef a wager spurred her.

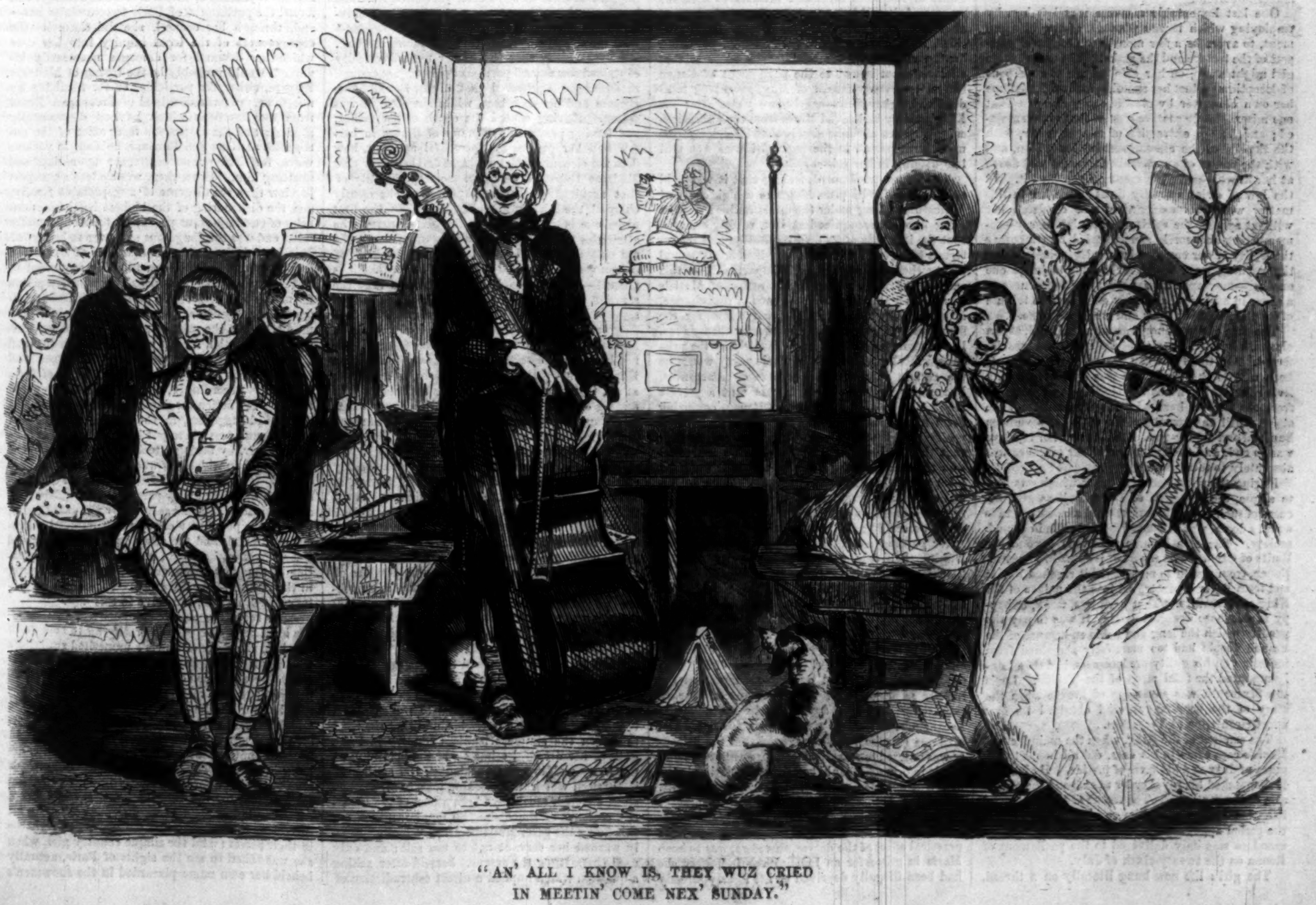
"You want to see my pa, I 'spose?"
"Wa'al, no; I come designin'—"
"To see my ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es
Agin' to-morrow's i'nin'."

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t'other;
An' on which one he felt the wust
He couldn't ha' told ye, nuther.

Sez he, "I'd better call agin;"
Sez she, "Think likely, *Mister*;"
The last words pricked him like a pin,
An'—wa'al, he up and kist her.

When ma, bimeby, upon 'em slips,
Huldy sot, pale ez ashes,
All kind o' smily round the lips,
An' teary round the lashes.

Her blood riz quick, though, like the tide
Down to the Bay o' Fundy;
An' all I know is, they wuz cried
In meetin' come nex' Sunday.



"AN' ALL I KNOW IS, THEY WUZ CRIED IN MEETIN' COME NEX' SUNDAY."

THE WEDDING EVE.

I.

She sits upon her little bed,
And muses by the musing moon:
Ere this to-morrow she'll be wed!
Ere this? Ere this? How strangely soon!
An obvious blank of ignorance
Lies full across her forward way,
And shadows, cast from unknown chance,
Make strange and dim the coming day.
She must not muse too much! Vague fear
O'erfilms her apprehensive eye;
And she may swoon, with no one near,
And haply so, unmarried, die.
Her faithless dread she now discards;
And now remorseful memory flings
Its glory round the last regards
Of home and old accustom'd things.

II.

Her father's voice, her mother's eyes
Accuse her treason: all in vain
She thinks herself a wife, and tries
To comprehend the greater gain:
Her unknown fortune nothing cheers
Her loving heart's familiar loss,
And torrents of repentant tears
Their hot and smarting threshold cross.
When first within her bosom Love
Took birth, and beat his blissful wings,
It seem'd to lift her mind above
All care for other earthly things;
But, oh, too lightly did she vow
To leave for aye her happy nest;
And dreadful is the thought that now
Assaults her weak and shaken breast:
Ah, should her lover's love abate;
And should she, miserable, lose
All dear regards of maiden state,
Dissolved by time and marriage dues.
Once more, forebodings vague alloy
Her golden hope with nameless blame?
But dread, she trusts, will turn to joy,
Like sombre smoke to sudden flame.
With instinct of her ignorance,
The simple virgin's vailed guide,
She casts to Love the reins of chance,
Nor recks what henceforth shall betide;
And, so determined, she collects
Her scatter'd senses, much abused
By fear, that monstrously reflects
God's order'd future all confused.
And now to rest! At day's first gleam
They'll come to wake her to her pride,
And weary looks would ill beseem
Her lover's decorated Bride.

THE POISONED MEAL.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.—HUSHED UP.

The saddest part of Marie's sad story now remains to be told.

One last lamentable resource was left her, by employing which it was possible, at the last moment, to avert for a few months the frightful prospect of the torture and the stake. The unfortunate girl might stoop, on her side, to use the weapons of deception against her enemies, and might defame her own character by pleading pregnancy. That one miserable alternative was all that now remained; and, in the extremity of mortal terror, with the shadow of the executioner on her prison, and with the agony of approaching torment and death at her heart, the forlorn creature accepted it. If the law of strict morality must judge her in this matter without consideration, and condemn her without appeal, the spirit of Christian mercy—remembering how sorely she was tried, remembering the frailty of our common humanity, remembering the warning word which forbade us to judge one another—may open its sanctuary of tenderness to a sister in affliction, and may offer her the tribute of its pity, without limit and without blame.

The plea of pregnancy was admitted, and, at the eleventh hour, the period of the execution was deferred. On the day when her ashes were to have been cast to the winds, she was still in prison, a living, breathing woman. Her limbs were spared from the torture, her body was released from the stake, until the twenty-ninth of July, seventeen hundred and eighty-two. On that day her reprieve was to end, and the execution of her sentence was absolutely to take place.

During the short period of grace which was now to elapse, the situation of the friendless girl, accused of such incredible crimes and condemned to so awful a doom, was discussed far and wide in French society. The case became notorious beyond the limits of Caen. The report of it spread by way of Rouen, from mouth to mouth, till it reached Paris; and from Paris it penetrated into the palace of the King at Versailles. That harmless, weak, unhappy man, whose dreadful destiny it was to pay the penalty which the long and noble endurance of the French people had too mercifully abstained from inflicting on his guilty predecessors, had then lately mounted the fatal steps of the Throne. Louis the Sixteenth was sovereign of France when the story of the poor servant-girl obtained its first court-circulation at Versailles.

The conduct of the King, when the main facts of Marie's case came to his ears, did all honor to his sense of duty and his sense of justice. He instantly dispatched his royal order to suspend the execution of the sentence. The report of Marie's fearful situation had reached him so short a time before the period appointed for her death, that the royal mandate was only delivered to the parliament of Rouen on the twenty-sixth of July.

The girl's life now hung literally on a thread. An accident happening to the courier, any delay in fulfilling the wearisome official formalities proper to the occasion, and the execution might have taken its course. The authorities at Rouen, feeling that the King's interference implied a rebuke of their inconsiderate confirmation of the Caen sentence, did their best to set themselves right for the future by registering the royal order on the day when they received it. The next morning, the twenty-seventh, it was sent to Caen, and it reached the authorities there on the twenty-eighth.

That twenty-eighth of July, seventeen hundred and eighty-two, fell on a Sunday. Throughout the day and night the order lay in the office unopened. Sunday was a holiday, and Procurator Revel was not disposed to desecrate it by so much as five minutes performance of week-day work.

On Monday, the twenty-ninth, the crowd assembled to see the execution. The stake was set up, the soldiers were called out, the executioner was ready. All the preliminary horror of the torturing and burning was suffered to darken round the miserable prisoner before the wretches in authority saw fit to open the message of mercy and to deliver it at the prison-gate.

She was now saved, as if by a miracle, for the second time! But the cell-door was still closed on her. The only chance of ever opening it—the only hope of publicly asserting her innocence, lay in appealing to the King's justice by means of a written statement of her case, presenting it exactly as it stood in all its details, from the beginning at Madame Duparc's to the end in the prison of Caen. The production of such a document as this was beset with obstacles; the chief of them being the difficulty of gaining access to the voluminous reports of the evidence given at the trial, which were only accessible in those days to persons professionally connected with the courts of law. If Marie's case was to be placed before the King, no man in France who was not a lawyer could undertake the duty with the slightest chance of serving the interests of the prisoner and the interests of truth.

In this disgraceful emergency a man was found to plead the girl's cause, whose profession secured to him the indispensable privilege of examining the evidence against her. This man—a barrister named Lecauchois—not only undertook to prepare a statement of the case from the records of the court—but further devoted himself to collecting money for Marie, from all the charitably-disposed inhabitants of the town. It is to be said to his credit that he honestly faced the difficulties of his task, and industriously completed the document which he had engaged to furnish. On the other hand, it must be recorded to his shame, that his motives were interested throughout, and that with almost incredible meanness he paid himself for the employment of his time by putting the greater part of the sum which he had collected for his client in his own pocket. With her one friend, no less than with all her enemies, it seems to have been Marie's hard fate to see the worst side of human nature, on every occasion when she was brought into contact with her fellow-creatures.

The statement pleading for the revision of Marie's trial was sent to Paris. An eminent barrister at the Court of Requests framed a petition from it, the prayer of which was granted by the King. Acting under the royal order, the judges of the Court of Requests furnished themselves with the reports of the evidence as drawn up at Caen; and after examining the whole case, unanimously decided that there was good and sufficient reason for the revision of the trial. The order to that effect was not issued to the parliament of Rouen before the twenty-fourth of May, seventeen hundred and eighty-four—nearly two years after the King's mercy had saved Marie from the executioner. Who can say how slowly that long, long time must have passed to the poor girl who was still languishing in her prison?

The Rouen parliament, feeling that it was held accountable for its proceedings to a high court of judicature, acting under the direct authority of the King himself, recognized at last, readily enough, that the interests of its own reputation and the interests of rigid justice were now intimately bound up together, and applied itself impartially, on this occasion at least, to the consideration of Marie's case. As a necessary consequence of this change, of course, the authorities of Caen began, for the first time, to feel seriously alarmed for themselves. If the parliament of Rouen dealt fairly by the prisoner, a fatal exposure of the whole party would be the certain result. Under these circumstances, Procurator Revel and his friends sent a private requisition to the authorities at Rouen, conjuring them to remember that the respectability of their professional brethren was at stake, and suggesting that the legal establishment of Marie's innocence was the mistake, of all others, which it was now most urgently necessary to avoid. The parliament of Rouen was, however, far too cautious, if not too honest, to commit itself to such an atrocious proceeding as was here plainly indicated. After gaining as much time as possible by prolonging their deliberations to the utmost, the authorities resolved on adopting a middle course, which, on the one hand, should not actually establish the prisoner's innocence, and, on the other, should not publicly expose the disgraceful conduct of the prosecution at Caen. Their decree, not issued until the twelfth of March, seventeen hundred and eighty-five, annulled the sentence of Procurator Revel on technical grounds; suppressed the further publication of the statement of Marie's case, which had been drawn out by the advocate Lecauchois, as libelous toward Monsieur Revel and Madame Duparc; and announced that the prisoner was ordered to remain in confinement until more ample information could be collected relating to the doubtful question of her innocence or her guilt. No such information was at all likely to present itself (more especially after the only existing narrative of the case had been suppressed); and the practical effect of the decree, therefore, was to keep Marie in prison for an indefinite period, after she had been illegally deprived of her liberty already from August, seventeen hundred and eighty-one, to March, seventeen hundred and eighty-five. Who shall say that the respectable classes did not take good care of their respectability on the eve of the French Revolution!

Marie's only hope of recovering her freedom, and exposing her unscrupulous enemies to the obloquy and the punishment which they richly deserved, lay in calling the attention of the higher tribunals of the capital to the cruelly cunning decree of the parliament of Rouen. Accordingly, she once more petitioned the throne. The King referred the document to his council; and the council issued an order submitting the Rouen decree to the final investigation of the parliament of Paris.

At last, then, after more than three miserable years of imprisonment, the victim of Madame Duparc and Procurator Revel had burst her way through all intervening obstacles of law and intricacies of office to the judgment-seat of that highest law-court in the country, which had the final power of ending her long sufferings and of doing her signal justice on her adversaries of all degrees. The parliament of Paris was now to estimate, in all its importance, the unutterable wrong that had been inflicted on her; and the eloquent tongue of one of the first advocates of that famous bar was to plead her cause openly before God, the King, and the country.

The pleading of Monsieur Fournel (Marie's counsel) before the parliament of Paris remains on record. At the outset he assumes the highest ground for the prisoner. He disclaims all intention of gaining her her liberty by taking the obvious technical objections to the illegal and irregular sentences of Caen and Rouen. He insists on the necessity of vindicating her innocence, legally and morally, before the world, and of obtaining the fullest compensation that the law allows for the fearful injuries which the original prosecution had inflicted on his client. In pursuance of this design, he then proceeds to examine the evidence of the alleged poisoning and the alleged robbery, step by step, pointing out, in the fullest detail, the monstrous contradictions and improbabilities which have been already briefly indicated in this narrative. The course thus pursued, with signal clearness and ability, leads, as every one who has followed the particulars of the case from the beginning will readily understand, to a very serious result. The arguments for the defense can not assert Marie's innocence without shifting the whole weight of suspicion, in the matter of Monsieur de Beaulieu's death by poisoning, on to the shoulders of her mistress, Madame Duparc.

It is necessary, in order to prepare the reader for the extraordinary termination of the proceedings, to examine this question of suspicion in some of its most striking details.

The poisoning of Monsieur de Beaulieu may be accepted, in consideration of the medical evidence, as a proved fact, to begin with. The question that remains is, whether that poisoning was accidental or premeditated. In either case, the evidence points directly at Madame Duparc, and leads to the conclusion that she tried to shift the blame of the poisoning (if accidental) and the guilt of it (if premeditated) from herself to her servant.

Suppose the poisoning to have been accidental. Suppose arsenic to have been purchased for some legitimate domestic purpose, and to have been carelessly left in one of the salt-cellars on the dresser—who salts the hasty-pudding? Madame Duparc. Who—assuming that the dinner next day really contained some small portion of poison, just enough to swear by—prepared that dinner? Madame Duparc and her daughter, while the servant was asleep. Having caused the death of her father, and having produced symptoms of illness in herself and her guests, by a dreadful accident, how does the circumstantial evidence further show that Madame Duparc tried to fix the responsibility of that accident on her servant before she openly charged the girl with poisoning? In the first place, she is the only one of the dinner-party who attributes the general uneasiness to poison. She not only does this, but she indicates the kind of poison used, and declares in the kitchen that it is burned—so as to lead to the inference that the servant, who has removed the dishes, has thrown some of the poisoned food on the fire. Here is a foregone conclusion on the subject of arsenic in Madame Duparc's mind, and an inference in connection with it, directed at the servant by Madame Duparc's lips. In the second place, if any trust at all is to be put in the evidence touching the finding of arsenic on or about Marie's person, that trust must be reposed in the testimony of Surgeon Hébert, who first searched the girl. Where does he find the arsenic and the bread-crumbs? In Marie's pockets. Who takes the most inexplicably officious notice of such a trifle as Marie's dress, at the most shockingly inappropriate time, when the father of Madame Duparc lies dead in the house? Madame Duparc herself. Who tells Marie to take off her Sunday pockets, and sends her into her own room (which she herself has not entered during the night, and which has been open to the intrusion of any one else in the house) to tie on the very pockets in which the arsenic is found? Madame Duparc. Who put the arsenic into the pockets? Is it jumping to a conclusion to answer, once more, Madame Duparc?

Thus far we have assumed that the mistress attempted to shift the blame of a fatal accident on to the shoulders of the servant. Do the facts bear out that theory, or do they lead to the suspicion that the woman was a parricide, and that she tried to fix on the simple, friendless country girl the guilt of her dreadful crime? If the poisoning of the hasty-pudding was accidental, the salting of it, through which the poisoning was, to all appearance, effected, must have been a part of the habitual cookery of the dish. So far, however, from this being the case, Madame Duparc had expressly warned her servant not to use salt; and only used the salt (or the arsenic) herself, after asking a question which implied a direct contradiction of her own directions, and the inconsistency of which she made no attempt whatever to explain. Again, when her father was taken ill, if Madame Duparc had been only the victim of an accident, would she have remained content with no better help than that of an apothecary's boy? Would she not have sent, as her father grew worse, for the best medical assistance which the town afforded? The facts show that she summoned just help enough barely to save appearances, and no more. The facts show that she betrayed a singular anxiety to have the body laid out as soon as possible after life was extinct. The facts show that she maintained an unnatural composure on the day of the death. These are significant circumstances. They speak for themselves independently of the evidence given afterward, in which she and her child contradicted each other as to the time that elapsed when the old man had eaten his fatal meal, before he was taken ill. Add to these serious facts the mysterious disappearance from the house of the eldest son, which was never accounted for; and the rumor of purchased poison, which was never investigated. Consider, besides, whether the attempt to sacrifice the servant's life be not more consistent with the ruthless determination of a criminal than with the terror of an innocent women who shrinks from accepting the responsibility of a frightful accident—and determine at the same time whether the infinitesimal amount of injury done by the poisoned dinner can be most probably attributed to lucky accident, or to premeditated doctoring of the dishes with just arsenic enough to preserve appearances, and to implicate the servant without too seriously injuring the company on whom she waited. Give all these serious considerations their due weight; then look back to the day of Monsieur de Beaulieu's death; and say if Madame Duparc was the victim of a dreadful accident, or the perpetrator of an atrocious crime!

That she was one or the other, and that, in either case, she was the originator of the vile conspiracy against her servant which these pages disclose, was the conclusion to which Monsieur Fournel's pleading on his client's behalf inevitably led. That pleading satisfactorily demonstrated Marie's innocence of poisoning and theft, and her fair claim to the fullest legal compensation for the wrong inflicted on her. On the twenty-third of May, seventeen hundred and eighty-six, the Parliament of Paris issued its decree, discharging her from the remotest suspicion of guilt, releasing her from her long imprisonment, and authorizing her to bring an action for damages against the person or persons who had falsely accused her of murder and theft. The truth had triumphed, and the poor servant-girl had found laws to protect her at last. Under these altered circumstances, what happened to Madame Duparc? What happened to Procurator Revel and his fellow-conspirators? What happened to the authorities of the Parliament of Rouen?

Nothing.

The premonitory rumblings of that great earthquake of nations which History calls the French Revolution, were, at this time, already beginning to make themselves heard; and any public scandal which affected the wealthier and higher classes involved a serious social risk, the importance of which no man in France could then venture to estimate. If Marie claimed the privilege which a sense of justice, or rather a sense of decency, had forced the parliament of Paris to concede to her—and, through her counsel, she did claim it—the consequences of the legal inquiry into her case which her demand for damages necessarily involved, would probably be the trying of Madame Duparc, either for parricide, or for homicide by misadventure; the dismissal of Procurator Revel from the functions which he had disgracefully abused; and the suspension from office of the authorities at Caen and Rouen, who had, in various ways, forfeited public confidence by aiding and abetting him. Here, then, was no less a prospect in view than the disgrace of a respectable family, and the dishonoring of the highest legal functionaries of two important provincial towns! And for what end was the dangerous exposure to be made? Merely to do justice to the daughter of a common day-laborer, who had been illegally sentenced to torture and burning, and illegally confined in prison for nearly five years. To make a wholesale sacrifice of her superiors, no matter how wicked they might be, for the sake of giving a mere servant-girl compensation for the undeserved obloquy and misery of many years, was too preposterous and too suicidal an act of justice to be thought of for a moment. Accordingly, when Marie was prepared to bring her action for damages, the lawyers laid their heads together, in the interests of society. It was found possible to put her out of court at once and forever, by taking a technical objection to the proceedings in which she was plaintiff, at the very outset. This disgraceful means of escape once discovered, the girl's guilty persecutors instantly took advantage of it. She was formally put out of court, without the possibility of any further appeal. Procurator Revel, and the other authorities, retained their distinguished legal positions; and the question of the guilt or innocence of Madame Duparc, in the matter of her father's death, remains a mystery which no man can solve to this day.

After recording this scandalous termination of the legal proceedings, it is gratifying to be able to conclude the story of Marie's unmerited sufferings with a picture of her after-life which leaves an agreeable impression on the mind. If popular sympathy, after her release from prison, could console her for the hard measure of injustice under which she had suffered so long and so unavailingly, that sympathy was offered to her heartily and without limit. She became quite a public character in Paris. The people followed her in crowds wherever she went. A subscription was set on foot, which, for the time at least, secured her a comfortable independence. Friends rose up in all directions to show her such attention as might be in their power; and the simple country girl, when she was taken to see the sights of Paris, actually beheld her own name placarded in the showmen's bills, and her presence advertised as the greatest attraction that could be offered to the public. When, in due course of time, all this excitement had evaporated, Marie married prosperously, and the Government granted her its license to open a shop for the sale of stamped papers. The last we hear of her is, that she was a happy wife and mother, and that she performed every duty of life in such a manner as to justify the deep interest which had been universally felt for her by the people of France.

Her story is related here, not only because it seemed to contain some elements of interest in itself, but also because the facts of which it is composed may claim to be of some little historical importance, as helping to expose the unendurable corruptions of society in France before the Revolution. It may not be amiss for those persons whose historical point of view obstinately contracts its range to the Reign of Terror, to look a little farther back—to remember that the hard case of oppression here related had been, for something like one hundred years, the case (with minor changes of circumstance) of the forlorn many against the powerful few, all over France—and then to consider whether there was not a reason and a necessity, a dreadful last necessity, for the French Revolution. That Revolution has expiated, and is still expiating, its excesses, by political failures which all the world can see. But the social good which it indisputably effected remains to this day. Take, as an example, the administration of justice in France at the present time. Whatever its shortcomings may still be, no innocent French woman could be treated, now, as an innocent French woman was once treated, at a period so little remote from our own time as the end of the last century.

LOVE IN THE CLOUDS.

"And this is the fellow that wants to marry my daughter! A pretty fool I should be to give Annie to a coward like him!" So shouted honest Master Joss, the sacristan of the cathedral of Vienna, as he stood in the public room of the "Adam and Eve" inn, and looked after the angry retreating figure of Master Ottkar, the head-mason.

As he spoke an honest young gardener, named Gabriel, entered; and for a moment the youth's handsome face flushed high, as he thought the sacristan's words were directed at him. For it was the old, old story. Gabriel and Annie had played together and loved each other before they knew the meaning of the word love; and when, a few months before, they had found it out, and Gabriel proposed to make Annie his wife, her father rejected him with scorn. The young gardener had little to offer besides an honest heart and a pair of industrious hands, while Master Ottkar, the mason, had both houses and money. To him, then, sorely against her will, was the pretty Annie promised; and poor Gabriel kept away from the sacristan's pleasant cottage, manfully endeavoring to root out his love while exterminating the weeds in his garden. But somehow it happened that, although the docks and thistles withered and died, that other pertinacious plant, clinging and twining like the wild convolvulus, grew and flourished, nurtured, perchance, by an occasional distant glimpse of sweet Annie's pale cheek and drooping form.

So matters stood, when one day, as Gabriel was passing through a crowded street, a neighbor hailed him:

"Great news, my boy! glorious news! Our Leopold has been chosen emperor at Frankfort. Long live the House of Austria! He is to make his triumphal entry here in a day or two. Come with me to the 'Adam and Eve,' and we will drink his health, and hear all about it."

In spite of his dejection, Gabriel would have been no true son of Vienna if he had refused this invitation; and waving his cap in sympathy with his comrade's enthusiasm, he hastened with him to the inn.

We have already seen how the unexpected appearance and more unexpected words of Master Joss met him on his entrance. In the height of his indignation the sacristan did not observe Gabriel, and continued in the same tone:

"I declare, I'd give this moment full and free permission to woo and win my daughter to any honest young fellow who would wave the banner in my stead—ay, and think her well rid of that cowardly mason."

From time immemorial it had been the custom in Vienna, whenever the emperor made a triumphal entry, for the sacristan of the cathedral to stand on the very pinnacle of the highest tower and wave a banner while the procession passed. But Master Joss was old, stiff, and rheumatic, and such an exploit would have been quite as much out of his line as dancing on a tight-rope. It was therefore needful for him to provide a substitute; and it never occurred to him that his intended son-in-law, who professed such devotion to his interests, and whose daily occupation obliged him to climb to dizzy heights, and stand on slender scaffolding, could possibly object to take his place.

What, then, was his chagrin and indignation when, on broaching the matter that afternoon to Master Ottkar, he was met by a flat and not over-courteous refusal! The old man made a hasty retort; words ran high, and the parting volley, leveled at the retreating mason, we have already reported.

"Would you, dear Master Joss, would you indeed do so? Then, with the help of Providence, I'll wave the banner for you as long as you please from the top of St. Stephen's tower."

"You, Gabriel?" said the old man, looking at him as kindly as he was wont to do in former days. "My poor boy! you never could do it; you, a gardener, who never has had any practice in climbing."

"Ah, now you want to draw back from your word!" exclaimed the youth, reddening. "My head is steady enough; and if my heart is heavy, why, it was you who made it so. Never mind, Master Joss. Only promise me, on the word of an honest man, that you'll not interfere any more with Annie's free choice, and you may depend on seeing the banner of our emperor, whom may Heaven long preserve! wave gloriously on the old pinnacle."

"I will, my brave lad; I do promise, in the presence of all these honest folks, that Annie shall be yours!" said the sacristan, grasping Gabriel's hand with one of his, while he wiped his eyes with the back of the other.

"One thing I have to ask you," said the young man, "that you will keep this matter a secret from Annie. She'd never consent; she'd say I was tempting Providence; and who knows whether the thought of her displeasure might not make my head turn giddy, just when I want it to be most firm and collected."

"No fear of her knowing it, for I have sent her on a visit to her aunt two or three miles in the country."

"And why did you send her from home, Master Joss?"

"Because the sight of her pale face and weeping eyes troubled me; because I was vexed with her; because, to tell you the truth, I was vexed with myself. Gabriel, I was a hard-hearted old fool; I see it now. And I was very near destroying the happiness of my only remaining child; for my poor boy Arnold, your old friend and school-fellow, Gabriel, has been for years in foreign parts, and we don't know what has become of him. But now, please God, Annie at least will be happy, and you shall marry her, my lad, as soon after the day of the procession as you and she please. There's my hand on it."

There was not a happier man that evening within the precincts of Vienna than Gabriel the gardener, although he well knew that he was attempting a most perilous enterprise, and one as likely as not to result in his death. He made all necessary arrangements in case of that event, especially in reference to the comfort of an only sister who lived with him, and whom he was careful to keep in ignorance of his intended venture. This done, he resigned himself to dream all night of tumbling from terrific heights, and all day of his approaching happiness. Meanwhile, Ottkar swallowed his chagrin as he best might, and kept aloof from Master Joss; but he might have been seen holding frequent and secret communications with Lawrence, a man who assisted the sacristan in the care of the church.

The day of the young emperor's triumphal entry arrived. He was not expected to reach Vienna before evening; and at the appointed hour the sacristan embraced Gabriel, and, giving him the banner of the House of Austria, gorgeously embroidered, said: "Now, my boy, up in God's name! Follow Lawrence; he'll guide you safely to the top of the spire, and afterward assist you in coming down."

Five hundred and fifty steps to the top of the tower! Mere child's play—the young gardener flew them up with a joyous step. Then came two hundred wooden stairs over the clock-tower and belfry; then five steep ladders up the narrow pinnacle. Courage! A few more bold steps—half an hour of peril—then triumph, reward, the priest's blessing, and the joyful "Yes!" before the altar. Ah, how heavy was the banner to drag upward—how dark the strait, stony shaft! Hold, there is the trap-door. Lawrence, and an assistant who accompanied him, pushed Gabriel through.

"That's it!" cried Lawrence; "you'll see the iron steps and the clamps to hold on by outside—only keep your head steady. When 'tis your time to come down, hail us, and we'll throw you a rope-ladder with hooks. Farewell!" As he said these words, Gabriel had passed through the trap-door, and with feet and hands clinging to the slender iron projections, felt himself hanging over a tremendous precipice, while the cold evening breeze ruffled his hair. He had still, burdened as he was with the banner, to steady himself on a part of the spire sculptured in the similitude of a rose, and then, after two or three daring steps still higher, to bestride the very pinnacle, and wave his gay gold flag.

"May God be merciful to me!" sighed the poor lad, as glancing downward on the busy streets, lying so far beneath, the whole extent of his danger flashed upon him. He felt so lonely, so utterly forsaken in that desert of the upper air, and the cruel wind strove with him, and struggled to wrest the heavy banner from his hand. "Annie, Annie, 'tis for thee!" he murmured, and the sound of that sweet name nerved him to endurance. He wound his left arm firmly round the iron bar which supported the golden star, surmounted by a crescent, that served as a weathercock, and with the right waved the flag, which flapped and rustled like the wing of some mighty bird of prey. The sky—how near it seemed—grew dark above his head, and the lights and bonfires glanced upward from the great city below. But the cries of rejoicing came faintly on his ear, until one long-continued shout, mingled with the sound of drums and trumpets, announced the approach of Leopold.

"Huzza! huzza! long live the emperor!" shouted Gabriel, and waved his banner proudly. But the deepening twilight and the dizzy height rendered him unseen and unheard by the busy crowd below.

The deep voice of the cathedral clock tolled the hour.

"Now my task is ended," said Gabriel, drawing a deep sigh of relief, and shivering in the chilly breeze. "Now I have only to get down and give the signal."

More heedfully and slowly than he had ascended, he began his descent. Only once he looked upward to the golden star and crescent, now beginning to look colorless against the dark sky.

"Ha!" said he, "doesn't it look now as if that heathenish Turk of a crescent were nodding and wishing me an evil 'good-night?' Be quiet, Mohammed!"

A few courageous steps landed him once more amidst the petals of the gigantic sculptured rose, which offered the best, indeed the only coin of vantage for his feet to rest on.

He furled his banner tightly together, and shouted: "Halloa, Lawrence! Albert! here! throw me up the ladder and the hooks."

No answer.

More loudly and shrilly did Gabriel reiterate the call.

Not a word, not a stir below.

"Holy Virgin! can they have forgotten me? Or have they fallen asleep?" cried the poor fellow aloud; and the sighing wind seemed to answer like a mocking demon.

"What shall I do? What will become of me?"

Now enveloped in darkness, he dared not stir one hair-breadth to the right or to the left. A painful sensation of tightness came across his chest, and his soul grew bitter within him.

"They have left me here of set purpose," he muttered, through his clenched teeth. "The torches below will shine on my crushed body."

Then, after a moment:

"No, no; the sacristan could not find it in his heart; men born of woman could not do it. They will come; they *must* come."

But when they did not come, and the pitiless darkness thickened around him, so that he could not see his hand, his death-anguish grew to the pitch of insanity.

"God!" he cried, "the emperor will not suffer such barbarity. Noble Leopold, help! One word from you would save me."

But the cold night-wind, blowing ominously around the tower, seemed to answer:

"Here I alone am emperor, and this is my domain."

While this was passing, two men stood conversing together at the corner of a dark street, aloof from the rejoicing crowd.

"Haven't I managed it well?" asked one.

"Yes; he'll never reach the ground alive, unless the sacristan—"

"Oh no, the old man is too busy with his son, who came home unexpectedly an hour ago. He'll never think of that fool Gabriel until—"

"Until 'tis too late. How did you get rid of Albert?"

"By telling him that Master Joss had undertaken to go himself and fetch the gardener down. The trap-door is fast, and no one within call. But I think, Master Ottkar, you and I may as well keep out of the way till the fellow has dropped down, like a ripe apple from the stem."

And so the two villains took their way down a narrow street, and appeared no more that night.

Meantime, a dark shadowy fiend sat on one of the leaves of the sculptured rose, and hissed in Gabriel's ear: "Renounce thy salvation, and I will bring thee down in safety."

"May God preserve me from such sin," cried the poor lad, shuddering.

"Or only promise to give me your Annie, and I'll save you."

"Will you hold your tongue, you wicked spirit?"

"Or just say that you'll make me a present of your first-born child, and I'll bear you away as softly as if you were floating on down."

"Avaunt, Satan! I'll have nothing to do with gentlemen who wear horns and a tail!" cried Gabriel, manfully.

The clock tolled again, and the gardener, aroused by the sound and vibration, perceived that he had been asleep. Yes, he had actually slumbered, standing on that dizzy point, suspended over that fearful abyss.

"Am I really here?" he asked himself, as he awoke; "or is it all a frightful dream that I have had while lying in my bed?"

A cold shudder passed through his frame, followed by a burning heat, and he grasped the pinnacle with a convulsive tightness. A voice seemed to whisper in his ear:

"Fool! this is death, that unknown anguish which no man shall escape. Anticipate the moment, and throw thyself down."

"Must I, then, die?" murmured Gabriel, while the cold sweat started from his brow. "Must I die while life is so pleasant? Oh, Annie, Annie! pray for me; the world is so beautiful, and life is so sweet."

Then it seemed as if soft white wings floated above and around him, while a gentle voice whispered:

"Awake, awake! The night is far spent, the day is at hand. Look up, and be comforted."

Wrapped in the banner, whose weight helped to preserve his equilibrium, Gabriel still held on with his numbed arm, and, with a sensation almost of joy, watched the first dawn lighting up the roofs of the city.

Far below, in the sacristan's dwelling, the old man sat, fondly clasping the hand of a handsome sunburned youth, his long-lost son Arnold, who had sat by his side the livelong night, recounting the adventures which had befallen him in foreign lands, without either father or son feeling the want of sleep.

At length Arnold said:

"I am longing to see Annie, father. I dare say she has grown a fine girl. How is my friend Gabriel, who used to be so fond of her when we were all children together?"

The sacristan sprang from his seat.

"Gabriel! Holy Virgin! I had quite forgotten him."

A rapid explanation followed. Master Joss and his son hastened toward the cathedral, and met Albert on their way.

"Where is Gabriel?" cried the sacristan.

"I don't know; I have not seen him since he climbed through the trap-door."

"But who helped him down?"

"Why, you yourself, of course," replied Albert, with a look of astonishment. "Lawrence told me, when we came down, that you had undertaken to do it."

"Oh, the villains, the double-dyed scoundrels! Now I understand it all," groaned the old man. "Quick! Arnold, Albert! Come, for the love of God; look up, look up to the spire!"

Arnold rushed toward the square, and his keen eye, accustomed to look out at great distances at sea, discerned through the gray, uncertain morning twilight something fluttering on the spire.

"'Tis he! It must be he, still living!"

"Oh God!" cried Master Joss, "where are my keys? Oh that we may not be too late!"

The keys were found in the old man's pocket; and all three, rushing through the cathedral-gate, darted up the stairs, the sacristan, in the dread excitement of the moment, moving as swiftly as his young companions.

Albert, knowing the trick of the trap-door, went through it first.

"Call out to him, lad!" exclaimed Master Joss.

A breathless pause.

"I hear nothing stirring," said Albert, "nor can I see any thing from this. I'll climb over the rose."

Bravely did he surmount the perilous projection; and after a few moments of intense anxiety, he reappeared at the trap-door.

"There certainly is a figure standing on the rose, but 'tisn't Gabriel—'tis a ghost!"

"A ghost! you dreaming dunderhead," shouted Arnold. "Let me up!" And he began to climb with the agility of a cat.

Presently he called out: "Come on, come on as far as you can. I have him, thank God! But quick; time is precious."

Speedily and deftly they gave him aid; and at length a half-unconscious figure, still wrapped in the banner, was brought down in safety.

They bore him into the "Adam and Eve," laid him in a warm bed, and poured by degrees a little wine down his throat. Under this treatment he soon recovered his consciousness, and began to thank his deliverers. Suddenly his eye fell on a mirror hanging on the wall opposite the bed, and he exclaimed:

"Wipe the hoar-frost off my hair, and that yellow dust off my cheeks!"

In truth, his curled locks were white, his rosy cheeks yellow and wrinkled, and his bright eyes dim and sunken; but neither dust nor hoar-frost was there to wipe away—that one night of horror had added forty years to his age!

In the course of that day numbers who had heard of Gabriel's adventure crowded to the inn and sought to see him, but none were admitted save the three who sat continually by his bedside—his weeping young sister, the brave Arnold, and Master Joss, the most unhappy of all; for his conscience ceased not to say, in a voice that *would* be heard: "You alone are the cause of all this!" By way of a little self-comfort, the sacristan used to exclaim at intervals: "If I only had hold of that Lawrence! If I once had that Ottkar by the throat!" But both worthies kept carefully out of sight; nor were they ever again seen in the fair city of Vienna.

"Ah!" said Gabriel, toward evening, "'tis all over between me and Annie. She would shudder at the sight of an old, wrinkled, gray-haired fellow like me."

No one answered. His sister hid her face on the pillow, while her bright ringlets mingled with his poor gray locks; and Arnold's handsome face grew very sad as he thought, "The poor fellow is right; there are few things that young girls dislike more than gray hairs and yellow wrinkles."

"I have one request to make of you all, dear friends," said Gabriel, painfully raising himself on his couch; "do not let Annie know a word of this. Write to her that I am dead, and she'll mind it less, I think; then I'll go into the forest, and let the wolves eat me if they will. I want to save her from pain."

"A fine way, indeed, to save Annie from pain!" cried a well-known voice, while a light figure rushed toward the bed, and clasped the poor sufferer in a close and long embrace. "My own true love! you were never more beautiful in my eyes than now. And pretend that you were dead! A likely story, while every child in Vienna is talking of nothing but my poor boy's adventure. And let yourself be eaten by wolves! No, no, Gabriel; you wouldn't treat your poor Annie so cruelly as that!"

A regular hail-storm of kisses followed; and it is said—how truly I know not—that somehow in the general *melée* Arnold's lips came into wonderfully close contact with the rosy ones of Gabriel's little sister. Certainly he was heard the next day to whisper into his friend's ear: "A fair exchange is no robbery, my boy: I think if you take my sister, the least you can do is to give me yours."

It does not appear that any objection was made in any quarter. Love and hope proved wonderful physicians; for although Gabriel's hair to the end of his life remained as white as snow, his cheeks and eyes, ere the wedding day arrived, had resumed their former tint and brightness. A happy man was Master Joss on the day that he gave his blessing to the two young couples—the day when Gabriel's sore-tried love found its reward in the hand of his Annie.

LANDMARKS.

I.

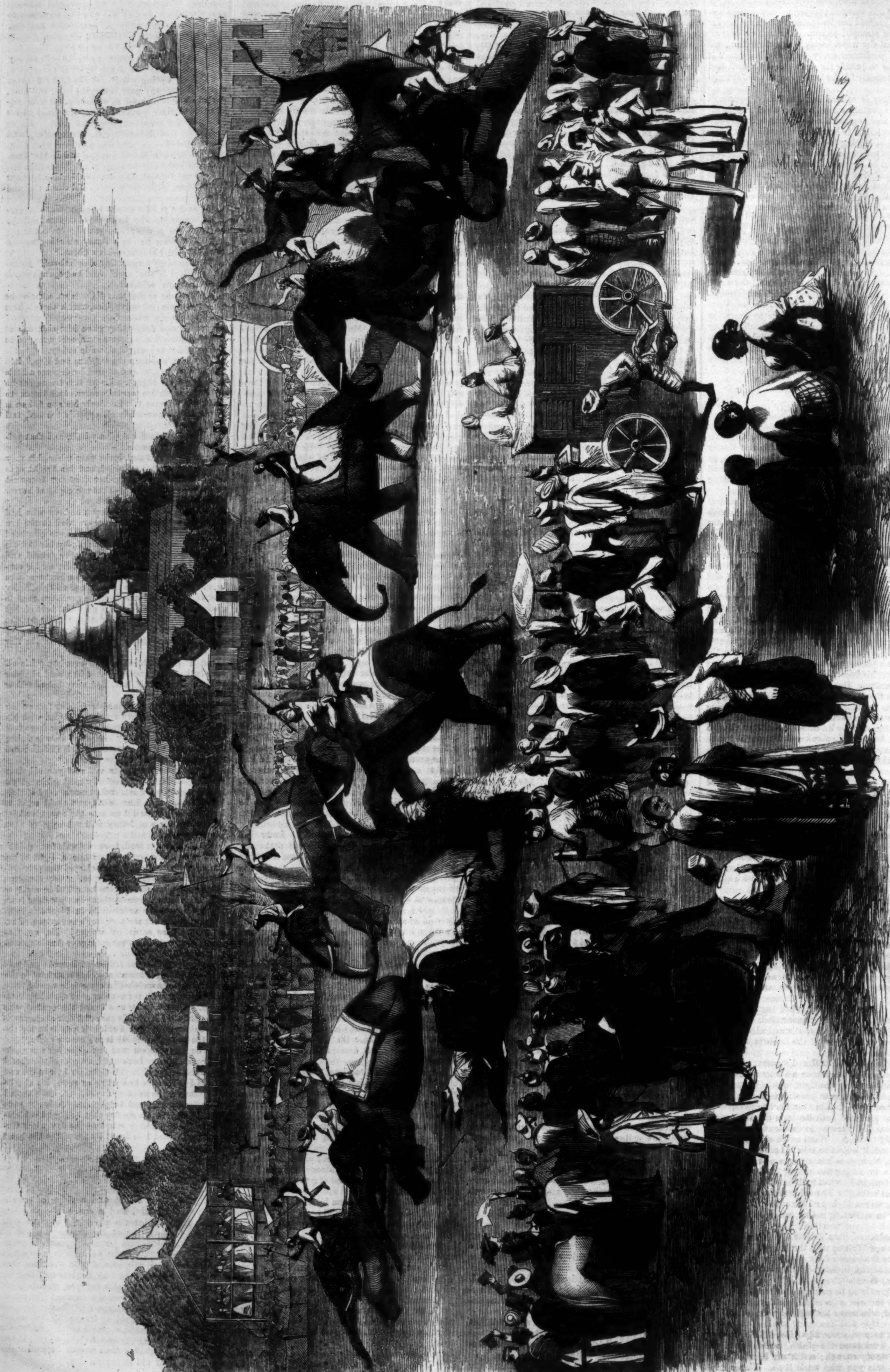
Three grassy fields, and a ridge of corn,
An old house, and a space
For lilacs 'twixt the road and the door,
And you will know the place.

II.

But not so much by the grassy fields,
And not so much by the space
For lilacs 'twixt the road and the door,
As by a smiling face

III.

That you will see looking out for me—
A face so sweet and gay,
That you can not take a step beyond
The dear old house all day.



AN ELEPHANT STEEPLE-CHASE AT RANGOON, BURMAH.—[See next Page.]

AN ELEPHANT STEEPLE-CHASE.

We give on the opposite page a picture of a novel sport invented by the British officers in India—steeple-chasing on elephant-back. The artist of the picture sends to the *Illustrated London News* the following detailed account of the sport:

"The ditch is the third leap, though the first in the picture. It was three feet and a half deep by seven broad. 'Grainbags,' who was heavily backed, was the first in, and out again; and not one, that I observed, cleared it. They all went at it like—elephants! and the riders, I do declare, evinced rare powers of 'sticking.' They were in jockey costume, but rode with a staff and flag instead of a whip.

"I subjoin the 'card' of the steeple-chase; and I think it only fair to state that, in my opinion, the artist, having heavily backed the 'favorites'—which happen to be those making most play—allowed his pencil to be carried away, a little, by his feelings when he was portraying *them*."

ELEPHANT STEEPLE-CHASE (CATCH WEIGHTS).

A Sweepstakes of 1 r., H. M. 68th Steeple-chase Course, open to all Elephants, steered by Mahouts and ridden by Officers; the winning Mahout to receive 5 rs. from the stakes, and the rider the balance, and a "piece of plate" from the staff. The decision of the stewards to be final. The elephants to be mounted opposite the grand stand. Those mounting will draw lots for elephants on the course. The following was the result:

Captain Vaughan's "Soorul Jumal"	1
Mr. Marshall's "Delhi Bully"	2
Major West's "Tearing Villain"	3
Mr. Harrison's "Shuffling Jinny"	4
Mr. Saunderson's "Ghurreeb Purwar"	5
Mr. Stuart's "Slashing Tom"	6
Captain Light's "Daisy Clipper"	7
Captain White's "Lall Singh"	8
Mr. Blair's "Pandey"	9
Major Morant's "Blowhard"	10
Captain Ewart's "Grainbags"	11
Lieutenant Kay's "Smiler"	12
Lieutenant Foord's "Ponderous Polly"	13

Captain E. A. B. Travers, *Secretary*.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER II.—RETROSPECT.

There is a place at which three roads meet, sacred to that mysterious goddess called Diana on earth, Luna (or the Moon) in heaven, and Hecate in the infernal regions. At this place pause the Virgins permitted to take their choice of the three roads. Few give their preference to that which is vowed to the goddess in her name of Diana: that road, cold and barren, is clothed by no roses and myrtles. Roses and myrtles vail the entrance to both the others, and in both the others Hymen has much the same gay-looking temples. But which of those two leads to the celestial Luna, or which of them conducts to the infernal Hecate, not one nymph in fifty divines. If thy heart should misgive thee, O nymph!—if, though cloud vail the path to the Moon, and sunshine gild that to pale Hecate—thine instinct recoils from the sunshine, while thou darest not adventure the cloud—thou hast still a choice left—thou hast still the safe road of Diana. Hecate, O nymph! is the goddess of ghosts. If thou takest *her* path look not back, for the ghosts are behind thee.

When we slowly recover from the tumult and passion of some violent distress a peculiar stillness falls upon the mind, and the atmosphere around it becomes, in that stillness, appallingly clear. We knew not, while wrestling with our woe, the extent of its ravages. As a land the day after a flood, as a field the day after a battle, is the sight of our own sorrow, when we no longer have to stem its raging, but to endure the destruction it has made. Distinct before Caroline Montfort's vision stretched the waste of her misery—the Past, the Present, the Future—all seemed to blend in one single Desolation. A strange thing it is how all time will converge itself, as it were, into the burning-glass of a moment! There runs a popular superstition that it is thus in the instant of death; that our whole existence crowds itself on the glazing eye—a panorama of all we have done on earth—just as the soul restores to the earth its garment. Certes, there are hours in our being, long before the last and dreaded one, when this phenomenon comes to warn us that, if memory were always active, time would be never gone. Rose before this woman—who, whatever the justice of Darrell's bitter reproaches, had a nature lovely enough to justify his anguish at her loss—the image of herself at that turning-point of life, when the morning mists are dimmed on our way, yet when a path chosen is a fate decided. Yes; she had excuses, not urged to the judge who sentenced, nor estimated to their full extent by the stern equity with which, amidst suffering and wrath, he had desired to weigh her cause.

Caroline's mother, Mrs. Lyndsay, was one of those parents who acquire an extraordinary influence over their children, by the union of caressing manners with obstinate resolves. She never lost control of her temper nor hold on her object. A slight, delicate, languid creature too, who would be sure to go into a consumption if unkindly crossed. With much strong common sense, much knowledge of human nature, egotistical, worldly, scheming, heartless, but withal so pleasing, so gentle, so bewitchingly despotic, that it was like living with an electro-biologist, who unnerves you by a look to knock you down with a feather. In only one great purpose of her life had Mrs. Lyndsay failed. When Darrell, rich by the rewards of his profession and the bequest of his namesake, had entered Parliament, and risen into that repute which confers solid and brilliant station, Mrs. Lyndsay conceived the idea of appropriating to herself his honors and his wealth by a second Hymen. Having so long been domesticated in his house during the life of Mrs. Darrell, an intimacy as of near relations had been established between them. Her soft manners attached to her his children; and after Mrs. Darrell's death rendered it necessary that she should find a home of her own, she had an excuse, in Matilda's affection for her and for Caroline, to be more frequently before Darrell's eyes, and consulted by him yet more frequently than when actually a resident in his house. To her Darrell confided the proposal which had been made to him by the old Marchioness of Montfort, for an alliance between her young grandson and his sole surviving child. Wealthy as was the House of Vipont, it was among its traditional maxims that wealth wastes if not perpetually recruited. Every third generation, at farthest, it was the duty of that House to marry an heiress. Darrell's daughter, just seventeen, not yet brought out, would be an heiress, if he pleased to make her so, second to none whom the research of the Marchioness had detected within the drawing-rooms and nurseries of the three kingdoms. The proposal of the venerable peeress was at first very naturally gratifying to Darrell. It was an euthanasia for the old knightly race to die into a House that was an institution in the empire, and revive, phenix-like, in a line of peers, who might perpetuate the name of the heiress whose quarterings they would annex to their own, and sign themselves "Darrell Montfort." Said Darrell inly, "On the whole, such a marriage would have pleased my poor father." It did not please Mrs. Lyndsay. The bulk of Darrell's fortune thus settled away, he himself would be a very different match for Mrs. Lyndsay; nor was it to her convenience that Matilda should be thus hastily disposed of, and the strongest link of connection between Fulham and Carlton Gardens severed. Mrs. Lyndsay had one golden rule, which I respectfully point out to ladies who covet popularity and power: She never spoke ill of any one whom she wished to injure. She did not, therefore, speak ill of the Marquis to Darrell, but she so praised him that her praise alarmed. She ought to know the young peer well; she was a good deal with the Marchioness, who liked her pretty manners. Till then, Darrell had only noticed this green Head of the Viponts as a neat-looking Head, too modest to open its lips. But he now examined the head with anxious deliberation, and finding it of the poorest possible kind of wood, with a heart to match, Guy Darrell had the audacity to reject, though with great courtesy, the idea of grafting the last plant of his line on a stem so pithless. Though, like men who are at once very affectionate and very busy, he saw few faults in his children, or indeed in any one he really loved, till the fault was forced on him, he could not but be aware that Matilda's sole chance of becoming a happy and safe wife was in uniting herself with such a husband as would at once win her confidence and command her respect. He trembled when he thought of her as the wife of a man whose rank would expose her to all fashionable temptations, and whose character would leave her without a guide or protector.

The Marquis, who obeyed his grandmother from habit, and who had lethargically sanctioned her proposals to Darrell, evinced the liveliest emotion he had ever yet betrayed when he learned that his hand was rejected. And if it were possible for him to carry so small a sentiment as pique into so large a passion as hate, from that moment he aggrandized his nature into hatred. He would have given half his lands to have spited Guy Darrell. Mrs. Lyndsay took care to be at hand to console him, and the Marchioness was grateful to her for taking that troublesome task upon herself. And in the course of their conversations Mrs. Lyndsay contrived to drop into his mind the egg of a project which she took a later occasion to hatch under her plumes of down. "There is but one kind of wife, my dear Montfort, who could increase your importance; you should marry a beauty; next to royalty ranks beauty." The Head nodded, and seemed to ruminate for some moments, and then, *apropos des bottes*, it let fall this mysterious monosyllable, "Shoes." By what process of ratiocination the Head had thus arrived at the feet, it is not for me to conjecture. All I know is that, from that moment, Mrs. Lyndsay bestowed as much thought upon Caroline's *chaussure*, as if, like Cinderella, Caroline's whole destiny in this world hung upon her slipper. With the feelings and the schemes that have been thus intimated, this sensible lady's mortification may well be conceived when she was startled by Darrell's proposal, not to herself, but to her daughter. Her egotism was profoundly shocked, her worldliness cruelly thwarted. With Guy Darrell for her own spouse, the Marquis of Montfort for her daughter's, Mrs. Lyndsay would have been indeed a considerable personage in the world. But to lose Darrell for herself, the Marquis altogether—the idea was intolerable! Yet, since to have refused at once for her portionless daughter a man in so high a position, and to whom her own obligations were so great, was impossible, she adopted a policy, admirable for the craft of its conception and the dexterity of its execution. In exacting the condition of a year's delay, she made her motives appear so loftily disinterested, so magnanimously friendly! She could never forgive herself if he—he—the greatest, the best of men, were again rendered unhappy in marriage by her imprudence (hers, who owed to him her all)! yes, imprudent indeed, to have thrown right in his way a pretty coquettish girl ('for Caroline is coquettish, Mr. Darrell; most girls so pretty are at that silly age'). In short, she carried her point against all the eloquence Darrell could employ, and covered her designs by the semblance of the most delicate scruples, and the sacrifice of worldly advantages to the prudence which belongs to high principle and affectionate caution.

And what were Caroline's real sentiments for Guy Darrell? She understood them *now* on looking back. She saw herself as she was then—as she had stood under the beech-tree, when the heavenly pity that was at the core of her nature—when the venerating, grateful affection that had grown with her growth, made her yearn to be a solace and a joy to that grand and solitary life. Love him! Oh certainly she loved him, devotedly, fondly; but it was with the love of a child. She had not awakened then to the love of woman. Removed from his presence, suddenly thrown into the great world—yes, Darrell had sketched the picture with a stern but not altogether an untruthful hand. He had not, however, fairly estimated the inevitable influence which a mother, such as Mrs. Lyndsay, would exercise over a girl so wholly inexperienced—so guileless, so unsuspecting, and so filially devoted. He could not appreciate—no man can—the mightiness of female cunning. He could not see how mesh upon mesh the soft Mrs. Lyndsay (pretty woman, with pretty manners) wove her web round the "cousins," until Caroline, who at first had thought of the silent fair-haired young man only as the Head of her House, pleased with attentions that kept aloof admirers, of whom she thought Guy Darrell might be more reasonably jealous, was appalled to hear her mother tell her that she was either the most heartless of coquets, or poor Montfort was the most ill-used of men. But at this time Jasper Losely, under his name of Hammond, brought his wife from the French town at which they had been residing since their marriage, to see Mrs. Lyndsay and Caroline at Paris, and implore their influence to obtain a reconciliation with her father. Matilda soon learned from Mrs. Lindsay, who affected the most enchanting candor, the nature of the engagement between Caroline and Darrell. She communicated the information to Jasper, who viewed it with very natural alarm. By reconciliation with Guy Darrell, Jasper understood something solid and practical—not a mere sentimental pardon, added to that paltry stipend of £700 a year which he had just obtained—but the restoration to all her rights and expectancies of the heiress he had supposed himself to marry. He had by no means relinquished the belief that sooner or later Darrell would listen to the Voice of Nature, and settle all his fortune on his only child. But then, for the Voice of Nature to have fair play, it was clear that there should be no other child to plead for. And if Darrell were to marry again, and to have sons, what a dreadful dilemma it would be for the Voice of Nature! Jasper was not long in discovering that Caroline's engagement was not less unwelcome to Mrs. Lyndsay than to himself, and that she was disposed to connive at any means by which it might be annulled. Matilda was first employed to weaken the bond it was so desirable to sever. Matilda did not reproach, but she wept. She was sure *now* that she should be an outcast—her children beggars. Mrs. Lyndsay worked up this complaint with adroitest skill. Was Caroline sure that it was not most dishonorable—most treacherous—to rob her own earliest friend of the patrimony that would otherwise return to Matilda with Darrell's pardon? This idea became exquisitely painful to the high-spirited Caroline, but it could not counterpoise the conviction of the greater pain she should occasion to the breast that so confided in her faith, if that faith were broken. Step by step the intrigue against the absent one proceeded. Mrs. Lyndsay thoroughly understood the art of insinuating doubts. Guy Darrell, a man of the world, a cold-blooded lawyer, a busy politician, *he* break his heart for a girl! No, it was only the young, and especially the young when not remarkably clever, who broke their hearts for such trifles. Montfort, indeed—*there* was a man whose heart *could* be broken! whose happiness *could* be blasted! Dear Guy Darrell had been only moved, in his proposals, by generosity—"Something, my dear child, in your own artless words and manner, that made him fancy he had won your affections unknown to yourself! an idea that he was bound as a gentleman to speak out! Just like him. He *has* that spirit of chivalry. But my belief is, that he is quite aware by this time how foolish such a marriage would be, and would thank you heartily if, at the year's end, he found himself free, and you happily disposed of elsewhere," etc., etc. The drama advanced. Mrs. Lyndsay evinced decided pulmonary symptoms. Her hectic cough returned; she could not sleep; her days were numbered—a secret grief. Caroline implored frankness, and, clasped to her mother's bosom, and compassionately bedewed with tears, those hints were dropped into her ear which, though so worded as to show the most indulgent forbearance to Darrell, and rather, as if in compassion for his weakness than in abhorrence of his perfidy, made Caroline start with the indignation of revolted purity and outraged pride. "Were this true, all would be indeed at an end between us! But it is not true. Let it be proved." "But, my dear, dear child, I could not stir in a matter so delicate. I could not aid in breaking off a marriage so much to your worldly advantage, unless you could promise that, in rejecting Mr. Darrell, you would accept your cousin. In my wretched state of health, the anxious thought of leaving you in the world literally penniless would kill me at once!"

"Oh, if Guy Darrell be false (but that is impossible!), do with me all you will; to obey and please you would be the only comfort left to me."

Thus was all prepared for the final *dénouement*. Mrs. Lyndsay had not gone so far without a reliance on the means to accomplish her object, and for these means she had stooped to be indebted to the more practical villainy of Matilda's husband.

Jasper, in this visit to Paris, had first formed the connection, which completed the wickedness of his perverted nature, with that dark adventuress who has flitted shadow-like through part of this varying narrative. Gabrielle Desmarets was then in her youth, notorious only for the ruin she had inflicted on admiring victims, and the superb luxury with which she rioted on their plunder. Captivated by the personal advantages for which Jasper was then pre-eminently conspicuous, she willingly associated her fortunes with his own. Gabrielle was one of those incarnations of evil which no city but Paris can accomplish with the same epicurean refinement, and vitiate into the same cynical corruption. She was exceedingly witty, sharply astute, capable of acting any part, carrying out any plot; and when she pleased to simulate the decorous and immaculate gentlewoman, she might have deceived the most experienced *roué*. Jasper presented this Artiste to his unsuspecting wife as a widow of rank, who was about to visit London, and who might be enabled to see Mr. Darrell, and intercede on their behalf. Matilda fell readily into the snare; the Frenchwoman went to London, with assumed name and title, and with servants completely in her confidence. And such (as the reader knows already) was that eloquent baroness who had pleaded to Darrell the cause of his penitent daughter! No doubt the wily *Parisienne* had calculated on the effect of her arts and her charms to decoy him into at least a passing forgetfulness of his faith to another. But if she could not succeed there, it might equally achieve the object in view to obtain the credit of that success. Accordingly she wrote to one of her friends at Paris letters stating that she had found a very rich admirer in a celebrated English statesman, to whom she was indebted for her establishment, etc.; and alluding, in very witty and satirical terms, to his matrimonial engagement with the young English beauty at Paris, who was then creating such a sensation—an engagement of which she represented her admirer to be heartily sick, and extremely repentant. Without mentioning names, her descriptions were unmistakable. Jasper, of course, presented to Mrs. Lyndsay those letters (which, he said, the person to whom they were addressed had communicated to one of her own gay friends), and suggested that their evidence against Darrell would be complete in Miss Lyndsay's eyes if some one, whose veracity Caroline could not dispute, could corroborate the assertions of the letters; it would be quite enough to do so if Mr. Darrell were even seen entering or leaving the house of a person whose mode of life was so notorious. Mrs. Lyndsay, who, with her consummate craft, saved her dignity by affected blindness to the artifices at which she connived, declared that, in a matter of inquiry which involved the private character of a man so eminent, and to whom she owed so much, she would not trust his name to the gossip of others. She herself would go to London. She knew that odious, but too fascinating, Gabrielle by sight (as every one did who went to the opera, or drove in the *Bois de Boulogne*). Jasper undertook that the *Parisienne* should show herself at her balcony at a certain day at a certain hour, and that, at that hour, Darrell should call and be admitted; and Mrs. Lindsay allowed that that evidence would suffice. Sensible of the power over Caroline that she would derive if, with her habits of languor and her delicate health, she could say that she had undertaken such a journey to be convinced with her own eyes of a charge that, if true, would influence her daughter's conduct and destiny—Mrs. Lyndsay did go to London—did see Gabrielle Desmarets at her balcony—did see Darrell enter the house; and on her return to Paris did, armed with this testimony, and with the letters that led to it, so work upon her daughter's mind that the next day the Marquis of Montfort was accepted. But the year of Darrell's probation was nearly expired; all delay would be dangerous—all explanation would be fatal, and must be forestalled. Nor could a long courtship be kept secret; Darrell might hear of it, and come over at once; and the Marquis's ambitious kinsfolk would not fail to interfere if the news of his intended marriage with a portionless cousin came to their ears. Lord Montfort, who was awed by Carr, and extremely afraid of his grandmother, was not less anxious for secrecy and expedition than Mrs. Lyndsay herself.

Thus, then, Mrs. Lyndsay triumphed, and while her daughter was still under the influence of an excitement which clouded her judgment, and stung her into rashness of action as an escape from the torment of reflection—thus were solemnized Caroline's unhappy and splendid nuptials. The Marquis hired a villa in the delightful precincts of Fontainebleau for his honeymoon; that moon was still young when the Marquis said to himself, "I don't find that it produces honey." When he had first been attracted toward Caroline, she was all life and joy—too much of a child to pine for Darrell's absence, while credulously confident of their future union—her spirits naturally wild and lively, and the world, opening at her feet, so novel and so brilliant. This fresh gayety had amused the Marquis—he felt cheated when he found it gone. Caroline might be gentle, docile, submissive; but those virtues, though of higher quality than glad animal spirits, are not so entertaining. His own exceeding sterility of mind and feeling was not apparent till in the *têtes-à-têtes* of conjugal life. A good-looking young man, with a thorough-bred air, who rides well, dances well, and holds his tongue, may, in all mixed societies, pass for a shy youth of sensitive genius. But when he is your companion for life, and all to yourself, and you find that, when he does talk, he has neither an idea nor a sentiment—alas! alas for you, young bride, if you have ever known the charm of intellect, or the sweetness of sympathy. But it was not for Caroline to complain; struggling against her own weight of sorrow, she had no immediate perception of her companion's vapidity. It was he, poor man, who complained. He just detected enough of her superiority of intelligence to suspect that he was humiliated, while sure that he was bored. An incident converted his growing indifference into permanent dislike not many days after their marriage.

Lord Montfort, sauntering into Caroline's room, found her insensible on the floor—an open letter by her side. Summoning her maid to her assistance, he took the marital privilege of reading the letter which had apparently caused her swoon. It was from Matilda, and written in a state of maddened excitement. Matilda had little enough of what is called heart; but she had an intense selfishness, which, in point of suffering, supplies the place of a heart. It was not because she could not feel for the wrongs of another that she could not feel anguish for her own. Arabella was avenged. The cold-blooded snake that had stung her met the fang of the cobra-capella. Matilda had learned from some anonymous correspondent (probably a rival of Gabrielle's) of Jasper's *liaison* with that adventuress. But half-recovered from her confinement, she had risen from her bed—hurried to Paris (for the pleasures of which her husband had left her)—seen this wretched Gabrielle—recognized in her the false baroness to whom Jasper had presented her—to whom, by Jasper's dictation, she had written such affectionate letters—whom she had employed to plead her cause to her father;—seen Gabrielle—seen her at her own luxurious apartment, Jasper at home there—burst into vehement wrath—roused up the cobra-capella; and on declaring that she would separate from her husband, go back to her father, tell her wrongs, appeal to his mercy, Gabrielle calmly replied, "Do so, and I will take care that your father shall know that your plea for his pardon through Madame la Baronne was a scheme to blacken his name, and to frustrate his marriage. Do not think that he will suppose you did not connive at a project so sly; he must know you too well, pretty innocent." No match for Gabrielle Desmarets, Matilda flung from the house, leaving Jasper whistling an air from *Figaro;* returned alone to the French town, from which she now wrote to Caroline, pouring out her wrongs, and without seeming sensible that Caroline had been wronged too, expressing her fear that her father might believe her an accomplice in Jasper's plot, and refuse her the means to live apart from the wretch, upon whom she heaped every epithet that just indignation could suggest to a feeble mind. The latter part of the letter, blurred and blotted, was incoherent, almost raving. In fact, Matilda was then seized by the mortal illness which hurried her to the grave. To the Marquis much of this letter was extremely uninteresting—much of it quite incomprehensible. He could not see why it should so overpoweringly affect his wife. Only those passages which denounced a scheme to frustrate some marriage meditated by Mr. Darrell made him somewhat uneasy, and appeared to him to demand explanation. But Caroline, in the anguish to which she awakened, forestalled his inquiries. To her but two thoughts were present—how she had wronged Darrell—how ungrateful and faithless she must seem to him; and in the impulse of her remorse, and in the childlike candor of her soul, artlessly, ingenuously she poured out her feelings to the husband she had taken as counselor and guide, as if seeking to guard all her sorrow for the past from a sentiment that might render her less loyal to the responsibilities which linked her future to another's. A man of sense would have hailed, in so noble a confidence (however it might have pained him for the time), a guarantee for the happiness and security of his whole existence. He would have seen how distinct from that ardent love which, in Caroline's new relation of life, would have bordered upon guilt, and been cautious as guilt against disclosing its secrets, was the infantine, venerating affection she had felt for a man so far removed from her by years and the development of intellect—an affection which a young husband, trusted with every thought, every feeling, might reasonably hope to eclipse. A little forbearance, a little of delicate and generous tenderness, at that moment, would have secured to Lord Montfort the warm devotion of a grateful heart, in which the grief that overflowed was not for the irreplaceable loss of an earlier lover, but the repentant shame for wrong and treachery to a confiding friend.

But it is in vain to ask from any man that which is not in him! Lord Montfort listened with sullen, stolid displeasure. That Caroline should feel the slightest pain at any cause which had canceled her engagement to that odious Darrell, and had raised her to the rank of his marchioness, was a crime in his eyes never to be expiated. He considered, not without reason, that Mrs. Lyndsay had shamefully deceived him; and fully believed that she had been an accomplice with Jasper in that artifice which he was quite gentleman enough to consider placed those who had planned it out of the pale of his acquaintance. And when Caroline, who had been weeping too vehemently to read her lord's countenance, came to a close, Lord Montfort took up his hat and said, "I beg never to hear again of this lawyer and his very disreputable family connections. As you say, you and your mother have behaved very ill to him; but you don't seem to understand that you have behaved much worse to me. As to condescending to write to him, and enter into explanations how you came to be Lady Montfort, it would be so lowering to me that I would never forgive it—never. I would just as soon that you run away at once—sooner. As for Mrs. Lyndsay, I shall forbid her entering my house. When you have done crying, order your things to be packed up. I shall return to England to-morrow."

That was perhaps the longest speech Lord Montfort ever addressed to his wife; perhaps it was also the rudest. From that time he regarded her as some Spaniard of ancient days might regard a guest on whom he was compelled to bestow the rites of hospitality—to whom he gave a seat at his board, a chair at his hearth, but for whom he entertained a profound aversion, and kept at invincible distance, with all the ceremony of dignified dislike. Once only during her wedded life Caroline again saw Darrell. It was immediately on her return to England, and little more than a month after her marriage. It was the day on which Parliament had been prorogued preparatory to its dissolution—the last Parliament of which Guy Darrell was a member. Lady Montfort's carriage was detained in the throng with which the ceremonial had filled the streets, and Darrell passed it on horseback. It was but one look in that one moment; and the look never ceased to haunt her—a look of such stern disdain, but also of such deep despair. No language can exaggerate the eloquence which there is in a human countenance, when a great and tortured spirit speaks out from it accusingly to a soul that comprehends. The crushed heart, the ravaged existence, were bared before her in that glance, as clearly as to a wanderer through the night are the rents of the precipice in the flash of the lightning. So they encountered—so, without word, they parted. To him that moment decided the flight from active life to which his hopeless thoughts had of late been wooing the jaded, weary man. In safety to his very conscience, he would not risk the certainty thus to encounter one whom it convulsed his whole being to remember was another's wife. In that highest and narrowest sphere of the great London world to which Guy Darrell's political distinction condemned his social life, it was impossible but what he should be brought frequently into collision with Lord Montfort, the Head of a House with which Darrell himself was connected—the most powerful patrician of the party of which Darrell was so conspicuous a chief. Could he escape Lady Montfort's presence, her name, at least, would be continually in his ears. From that fatal beauty he could no more hide than from the sun.

This thought, and the terror it occasioned him, completed his resolve on the instant. The next day he was in the groves of Fawley, and amazed the world by dating from that retreat a farewell address to his constituents. A few days after, the news of his daughter's death reached him; and as that event became known, it accounted to many for his retirement for a while from public life.

But to Caroline Montfort, and to her alone, the secret of a career blasted, a fame renounced, was unmistakably revealed. For a time she was tortured, in every society she entered, by speculation and gossip which brought before her the memory of his genius, the accusing sound of his name. But him, who withdraws himself from the world, the world soon forgets; and by degrees Darrell became as little spoken of as the dead.

Mrs. Lyndsay had never, during her schemes on Lord Montfort, abandoned her own original design on Darrell. And when, to her infinite amaze and mortification, Lord Montfort, before the first month of his marriage expired, took care, in the fewest possible words, to dispel her dream of governing the House, and residing in the houses, of Vipont, as the lawful regent during the life-long minority to which she had condemned both the submissive Caroline and the lethargic Marquis, she hastened by letter to exculpate herself to Darrell—laid, of course, all the blame on Caroline. Alas! had not she always warned him that Caroline was not worthy of him?—him, the greatest, the best of men, etc., etc. Darrell replied by a single cut of his trenchant sarcasm—sarcasm which shore through her cushion of down and her vail of gauze like the sword of Saladin. The old Marchioness turned her back upon Mrs. Lyndsay. Lady Selina was crushingly civil. The pretty woman with pretty manners, no better off for all the misery she had occasioned, went to Rome, caught cold, and, having no one to nurse her as Caroline had done, fell at last into a real consumption, and faded out of the world elegantly and spitefully, as fades a rose that still leaves its thorns behind it.

Caroline's nature grew developed and exalted by the responsibilities she had accepted, and by the purity of her grief. She submitted, as a just retribution, to the solitude and humiliation of her wedded lot; she earnestly, virtuously strove to banish from her heart every sentiment that could recall to her more of Darrell than the remorse of having so darkened a life that had been to her childhood so benignant, and to her youth so confiding. As we have seen her, at the mention of Darrell's name—at the allusion to his griefs—fly to the side of her ungenial lord, though he was to her but as the owner of the name she bore, so it was the saving impulse of a delicate, watchful conscience that kept her as honest in thought as she was irreproachable in conduct. But vainly, in summoning her intellect to the relief of her heart—vainly had she sought to find in the world friendships, companionships, that might eclipse the memory of the mind so lofty in its antique mould—so tender in its depths of unsuspected sweetness—which had been withdrawn from her existence before she could fully comprehend its rarity, or appreciate its worth.

At last she became free once more; and then she had dared thoroughly to examine into her own heart, and into the nature of that hold which the image of Darrell still retained on its remembrances. And precisely because she was convinced that she had succeeded in preserving her old childish affection for him free from the growth into that warm love which would have been guilt if so encouraged, she felt the more free to volunteer the atonement which might permit her to dedicate herself to his remaining years. Thus, one day, after a conversation with Alban Morley, in which Alban had spoken of Darrell as the friend, almost the virtual guardian, of her infancy; and, alluding to a few lines just received from him, brought vividly before Caroline the picture of Darrell's melancholy wanderings and blighted life—thus had she, on the impulse of the moment, written the letter which had reached Darrell at Malta. In it she referred but indirectly to the deceit that had been practiced on herself—far too delicate to retail a scandal which she felt to be an insult to his dignity, in which, too, the deceiving parties were his daughter's husband and her own mother. No doubt every true woman can understand why she thus wrote to Darrell, and every true man can equally comprehend why that letter failed in its object, and was returned to her in scorn. Hers was the yearning of meek, passionless affection, and his the rebuke of sensitive, embittered, indignant love.

But now, as all her past, with its interior life, glided before her, by a grief the most intolerable she had yet known, the woman became aware that it was no longer penitence for the injured friend—it was despair for the lover she had lost. In that stormy interview, out of all the confused and struggling elements of her life-long self-reproach, LOVE—the love of woman—had flashed suddenly, luminously, as the love of youth at first sight. Strange—but the very disparity of years seemed gone! She, the matured, sorrowful woman, was so much nearer to the man, still young in heart, and little changed in person, than the gay girl of seventeen had been to the grave friend of forty! Strange, but those vehement reproaches had awakened emotions deeper in the core of the wild mortal breast than all that early chivalrous homage which had exalted her into the ideal of dreaming poets. Strange, strange, strange! But where there is nothing strange, *there*—is there ever love?

And with this revelation of her own altered heart came the clearer and fresher insight into the nature and character of the man she loved. Hitherto she had recognized but his virtues—now she beheld his failings; beholding them *as if virtues*, loved him more; and, loving him, more despaired. She recognized that all-pervading indomitable pride, which, interwoven with his sense of honor, became as relentless as it was unrevengeful. She comprehended now, that the more he loved her, the less he would forgive; and, recalling the unexpected gentleness of his farewell words, she felt that, in his promised blessing lay the sentence that annihilated every hope!

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Candor.—A distinguished commercial gent, whose word is his bond—that is to say, it would puzzle any Bankruptcy Commissioner to determine which was the more worthless of the two—thus laid down his traveling chart through life: "I never believe more than one half of what I see, more than a quarter of what I hear, and not a word of what I say. If others were equally cautious there would not be so many fools in this world."

THE COMET AND ITS TAIL.

The appearance of the Comet, which is now starring it for a limited series of nights, has given rise to much speculation, which, as usual, has resulted in failure. Nobody has, as yet, offered a satisfactory conjecture in solution of the question what the Comet is? Some astronomers say that they can see through it, and the stars on the other side of it; but for all that they have not been able to penetrate its mystery. Two theories of the constitution of Comets which have not yet been published, shall now be, and may deserve to be as much as some others. Perhaps, as Comets are both luminous and transparent, and ghosts likewise, according to some observers, both shine themselves and are also diaphanous. Comets are the ghosts of departed planets. Natural as well as supernatural substances, however, both reflect and transmit the rays of light: and your Comet generally has a tail. Analogies subsist throughout nature. May not a Comet be a planet in the first stage of its development, a celestial body corresponding to a terrestrial tadpole?

That eminent scholar and wit, Fleshly Flashly, was dining, the other day, at his relative Horace Mildew's, when the latter happened to remark to his wife, "By-the-way, my love, I did what you asked me. I told our friends not to send you that rice." "I suppose," said Flashly, "you quoted yourself, my dear Horace, and said *Risum teneatis, amici.*"

A Graceful Correction.—"The proper study of Mankind is Woman."

The horse's coat is the gift of nature, but the tailor very often makes a coat for an ass.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

Franklin Square, *Monday, Oct.* 18, 1858.

The foreign trade of the port for the past week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Oct. 16, 1858	$2,225,931	$1,265,120
Corresponding week, 1857	3,259,943	1,721,980
Decrease	$1,034,012	$456,860

The export of specie was $886,234, against which $1,300,000 was received from California. The banks now hold about $29,000,000 and the Sub-Treasury $10,198,837. There is no change in money to report. We quote loans on government securities at 3 per cent.; on railroad stocks, 4; first-class short paper, 4; longer paper, 6 @ 7; second class paper, 6 @ 8 @ 9. Foreign Exchange was quiet during the week, ruling generally at 109¾ @ 110 for sterling, and 5.12½ @ 13¾ for francs.

Stocks have generally advanced during the week. There is a good demand for speculative securities from the brokers and jobbers; the public are investing freely in State Stocks and Bonds. The following table shows the course of the market for the week:

	Oct. 9.	Oct. 16.
Missouri's	86	87¼
New York Central	83½	83¾
Erie	15¾	15¾
Hudson	28	28½
Reading	49¼	50¾
Panama	116¼	118¾
Michigan Southern	23¾	24
Michigan Southern, preferred	46¼	51¼
Michigan Central	54¼	55¾
Galena	84½	82½
Rock Island	66½	65¼
Toledo	32	34¼
Illinois Central	78¼	82
Pacific Mail	102	104¾

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

New York, *Monday, Oct.* 18, 1858.

The Wholesale Produce Markets have continued quite heavy for the leading kinds of Breadstuffs, with generally more sellers than buyers....Cotton has been more freely offered and purchased at, however, much reduced prices....Provisions have been in fair request at lower rates....Groceries have been moderately inquired for. Sugars have declined a shade....Hay, Hides, Tobacco, and Wool have been in good demand....Hemp, Hops, and Seeds have been lightly dealt in....The Dry Goods trade is now dull, the demand being confined, for the most part, to the requirements of near-by and local jobbing trade. Domestic Cottons are generally unchanged in price. Woolens are depressed. Foreign Goods are also dull and heavy....The movements in other commodities were moderate, and uproductive of any remarkable alterations....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Unsound State Flour, per bbl.	$3 00	@	$4 00
Superfine to extra State, per barrel	4 35	@	4 65
Superfine to fancy Western, per barrel	4 35	@	4 75
Extra Western, per barrel	4 60	@	8 00
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel	5 00	@	7 50
Extra Canadian, per barrel	4 80	@	6 00
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel	4 90	@	9 00
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl.	3 25	@	4 10
Corn Meal, per barrel	4 15	@	4 85
White Wheat, per bushel	1 10	@	1 40
Red Wheat, per bushel	74	@	1 18
Mixed Western Corn, per bushel	69	@	72
Rye, per bushel	75	@	76
Barley, per bushel	95	@	1 10
Western Oats, per bushel	45	@	50
State Oats, per bushel	44	@	46
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel	39	@	43
Southern Oats, per bushel	35	@	40
Cotton, middlings, per pound	12¼	@	12¾
Mess Pork, per barrel	16 40	@	16 50
Prime Pork, per barrel	14 20	@	14 50
Country Mess Beef, per barrel	9 00	@	10 00
Cut Meats, per pound	6	@	8½
Lard, per pound	10¼	@	10¾
State Butter, per pound	15	@	26
Western Butter, per pound	12	@	19
Cheese, per pound	4½	@	8½

The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compares as follows:

	Week ending Oct. 6.	Week ending Oct. 13.
Beeves	3,785	4,652
Milch Cows	206	235
Veal Calves	629	659
Sheep and Lambs	10,865	15,044
Swine	12,086	17,655

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to premium Beeves, per pound	$ 6¼	@	$ 9¼
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head	25 00	@	65 00
Veal Calves, per pound	3½	@	7
Sheep and Lambs, per head	2 00	@	7 00
" " per pound	3½	@	5¼
Live Swine, per pound	4½	@	5¼
Dressed " "	5½	@	7
Roasting Pigs, each	1 00	@	2 00

The Country Produce Markets were well supplied and were pretty good. Prices of the principal commodities have ruled firm.

Wholesale Prices obtained by Producers at Washington Market.

Apples, new, per barrel	$1 00	@	$3 75
Pears, " "	2 50	@	17 50
Peaches, per basket	1 50	@	4 50
Grapes, per pound	2	@	13
Quinces, per barrel	3 00	@	4 50
Citron, per 100	2 00	@	5 00
Lima Beans, per bushel	44	@	50
Potatoes, new, per barrel	1 00	@	2 25
Potatoes, sweet, per barrel	1 25	@	2 00
Onions, new, per barrel	1 25	@	1 75
Turnips, per barrel	75	@	1 25
Beets, per barrel	1 25	@	1 50
Carrots, per 100 bunches	1 25	@	1 75
Cabbage, new, per 100	1 50	@	4 50
Parsnips, per 100 bunches	1 75	@	2 50
Cranberries, per barrel	8 00	@	14 00
Barberries, per barrel	3 00	@	—
Squashes, per barrel	75	@	1 00
Pumpkins, per 100	4 00	@	6 00
Watermelons, per 100	4 50	@	25 00
Nutmeg Melons, per barrel	75	@	2 00
Tomatoes, per bushel	37	@	43
Celery, per dozen bunches	62	@	87
Egg Plants, per dozen	37	@	50
Garlic, per 100 bunches	3 50	@	—
Cauliflowers, per dozen	75	@	2 25
Salad, per dozen heads	15	@	25
Parsley, per 100 bunches	1 00	@	2 00
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	18	@	20
Eggs, Western, per dozen	16	@	18
Chickens, per pair	50	@	75
Fowls, per pound	12	@	15
Fowls, per pair	50	@	1 25
Ducks, per pair	62	@	1 00
Geese, each	1 00	@	1 50
Turkeys, per pound	16	@	18
Pigeons, per dozen	1 00	@	2 50
Woodcock, per dozen	3 75	@	4 25
Partridge, per pair	62½	@	87½
Snipe, Dowicher, per dozen	62½	@	87½
Plover, per dozen	1 50	@	2 00
Reed Birds, per dozen	62½	@	87½

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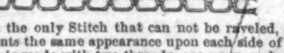

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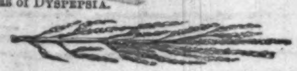

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